

W. F. MACLEAN, ON POLITICS

A. Y. JACKSON, ON ART

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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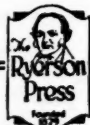
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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT	SCIENCE: PHOTOSYNTHESIS	G.H.D.
CHARLES DOUGHTY	ART IN TORONTO	A. Y. Jackson
TRADE IN THE COMMONWEALTH	DECORATIVE PEN DRAWING	The Late Tom Thomson
THE TARIFF SITUATION IN THE	INTO THE SEA	Edward Sapir
UNITED STATES	BOOKS	
SOME OF CANADA'S NEAR-BY PROBLEMS	THE STAGE	Fred Jacob
WHITHER CANADA	TRADE AND INDUSTRY	G. E. Jackson
CORRESPONDENCE	THE TREND OF BUSINESS	Philip Woolfson

THE 'NAPOLEONIC YEAR' BEGINS

TO appreciate the enormity of Signor Mussolini's recent outbreak against the German people it is necessary to recollect the circumstances under which the South Tyrol came within his scope and the treatment its inhabitants have received at his hands during the past three years. And since the racial tie between the Germans and the Tyrolese is as strong as the national tie that binds English and French Canadians, it may be salutary to put a hypothetical case that will afford a fair parallel. Let us suppose that in the world war the United States and Great Britain had been on opposite sides, and that notwithstanding M. Trotsky's opinion Canada had stood by Great Britain; suppose that in the peace settlement the province of Quebec had been annexed by the United States, and that the rulers of the United States had promised to permit her people to maintain their schools, their language, and their institutions; suppose that during the past three years the Americans had closed every French school, suppressed every French newspaper, banned the use of French in the law courts, conscripted young habitants for service in Texas and Panama, and had generally resorted to terrorist methods to stamp out every vestige of French culture and to turn Quebec into a standardized American unit; suppose that Premier Ferguson of Ontario had ven-

ured to criticize this treatment of his quondam fellow-countrymen, and that Mr. Coolidge had immediately threatened the Canadian Federal Government in terms of the grossest abuse and contempt, informing them that the Stars and Stripes would never be lowered on the Ottawa, but could if necessary be carried beyond it. If we could imagine our feelings under those incredible circumstances, then we could realize how every German in Europe is feeling towards Italy to-day.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, in a characteristic effort to prove himself a Futurist, has gone a step beyond Moses and has laid down the precept that in the payment of grudges it is sometimes necessary to exact two eyes for one and a whole set of teeth for one tooth. For so proud a spirit, he is curiously inconsistent in his attitude towards the payment of debts, and the British people must be wondering whether Italy deserves the generosity their Government has accorded her—a generosity that is already being used to float a new Italian bond issue in our Canadian market. Italy owed Great Britain over £600,000,000, but she will pay only one-sixth of that amount: this means that British tax-payers will continue to pay 5d. in the pound towards paying off a free gift to the Italian nation of five hundred million pounds. Signor Mussolini's press has expressed gratification at this 'settlement', coupled

with hopes for closer diplomatic co-operation in the Mediterranean and in Europe; but if the Italian dictator was not so preoccupied with dreams of a Napoleonic future as to have forgotten the past, he would realize that if he follows the path on which he is already well started he can hope for no co-operation from any British Government save in the extremely improbable event of his admirer, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, becoming Prime Minister. In the nineteenth century, democratic Britain supported Garibaldi against the empires of Europe in the cause of Italian freedom; the British temper has not changed, and the sympathies of the British Commonwealth of the twentieth century will assuredly be with any democracy that is threatened by an Imperialist power in defiance of the international ethics that have been accepted by a new Europe. The real trouble with Signor Mussolini is that he does not realize the virtue there may be in the colour of a shirt. A thousand red shirts could make Italy a nation, but a million black shirts cannot make her an empire.

BACK TO THE LAND

IT is easy to underestimate the importance of the new land policy by which Mr. Lloyd George hopes to bring about the renaissance of agriculture in Great Britain, and incidentally to win back large numbers of voters to the Liberal faith. Mr. Lloyd George is an astute politician, and in many quarters this move is regarded as the final effort of a discredited statesman to regain the affection and support of a land-hungry multitude. His sincerity in the new crusade may be a contentious matter, but it would be a mistake to dismiss the whole scheme as merely a transparent and superficial bid for public support. It is possible that Mr. Lloyd George may have an inkling of the profound changes which may result from the industrialization of many countries which have been in the past essentially agricultural communities. With England dominant in manufacturing and trading, it was of relative unimportance whether she raised any large proportion of the produce required to feed her own population, as there were plenty of nations who were willing to exchange beef, wheat, and butter for the products of Birmingham and Manchester; but during recent years the industrial revolution has swept across the face of the globe until even backward countries such as China and Russia are now making their own cottons and cutlery. This process is of such recent development that it is impossible to predict how far it may extend, but there is a strong movement in nearly every country in the world which aims at national self-sufficiency in manufacture. If this tendency

persists beyond a certain point, it may be necessary for Great Britain to strike a new balance between agriculture and industrial production.

A BACK-TO-THE-LAND movement in Great Britain, if it were to take place on any large scale, would not be without its repercussions in Canada. England has been our best market for farm produce, and if she determined to greatly increase her home production of food it might have a serious effect on world prices. Kropotkin, who made a careful study of the subject, came to the conclusion that it would be quite possible for Great Britain to grow all the food required by her population; and even if this were found to be inadvisable from an economic standpoint, there is no doubt that her production could at least be doubled by intensive farming. In order to retain a market for our wheat it may be necessary for us to increase our purchases of manufactured goods in Great Britain. If we persisted in our Made-in-Canada campaign to the extent of excluding British-made goods we would be doing our bit towards encouraging an agricultural revival in England, but we would have to realize that if it was our ambition to become a self-supporting manufacturing unit, we would have to reduce our farming operations until we were growing only sufficient food to supply our home market. We cannot export food in large quantities unless we are willing to purchase manufactured goods in return. This is clearly shown by what is taking place in the United States; they have now reached the point where they can make practically everything in the way of finished articles that they require, and it is significant that the reduction in their imports of manufactured goods corresponds to a falling off in their export of agricultural produce.

CANADIAN POLITICS IN THE BRITISH PRESS

THE London *Times*, commenting editorially on the Canadian political situation, is quoted by the *Toronto Mail and Empire* as having said: 'The really significant fact that stands out is the growing tendency of the remnants of the Progressive party to submit to the discipline of the Liberals'. And in succeeding passages which might have been written by a disgruntled Canadian Tory, the *Times* proceeds to jeer at the Progressives as having abandoned their principles in order to retain their seats. Now when this sort of editorial comment appears in the Canadian party press it calls for no notice—we are all used to it and know what value to place on it. But the *Times* is not a Canadian paper, and since most of its respectful readers know little of Canadian politics, we cannot but think it a pity that it should be so badly in-

formed on the existing situation at Ottawa. Anyone with sound knowledge of our politics knows that although the Progressive party has lost in numbers it has gained in quality, and (holding as it does the balance of power) it has already been able to give both the old parties reason to know it. Far from submitting to the discipline of the Liberals, the Progressives have been singularly successful in bending them to their will. As we observed in a previous number, the Speech from the Throne might have been dictated by the Progressives, and they are determined to see that its promise is fulfilled or know the reason why.

THE *Spectator* has published the first of two articles on 'Canada and the United States' which have a peculiar interest for Canadians, written as they are by an American who sets out to discuss frankly our relations from both points of view. As we go to press, the first article only has reached us, giving the Canadian point of view as interpreted by this anonymous but friendly cousin, and it is remarkable both for its understanding and its good sense. The author acknowledges and explains two great injuries which the present policy of his country does to Canada—the barring out of our products by tariff walls, and the sucking in of our man-power through an open immigration sluice—though he does not go so far as to admit that the two, whether so designed or no, work together as conclusively as the two halves of a lemon-squeezer, and with much the same result. He sees no solution of the resultant problem for Canada save in the advent of a period of depression in the United States; but we are not so uncharitable as to wish evil to our neighbour, and hope that day may be long postponed. In this connection, the views of a well-informed correspondent on the tariff outlook in the United States which appear on another page of this issue are of peculiar interest; but whatever the future policy of the United States may be, we would suggest that at least a partial solution for our problem lies in our own hands. Raising or maintaining our own tariff barriers cannot help us; but have we considered sufficiently the advantages that might come from lowering them? A lower tariff, beginning with the British Commonwealth, could do nothing but good to our natural industries, and with the reduced cost of living and production that would follow there would be a rising tide of immigration, and an era of growth and prosperity might begin. That era of prosperity is long overdue: the protectionists have been promising to bring home the bacon for the past thirty years, but the Canadians who have stayed at home are waiting for it still.

CHARLES DOUGHTY

CHARLES DOUGHTY is dead. It is difficult to persuade ourselves that he was ever our contemporary. But so it is. We have the date of his death, January 20, 1926. There is nothing here to wail or knock the breast. He lived long and fulfilled himself; more than he gave was neither to be expected of him nor even wished for. He gave us a world, and with that we are content. We would not ask him for a universe.

Yet there is one regret that cannot go unspoken. It is that Doughty did not live to see the full recognition that must surely come to him. Whether he would have wished to see it is a question which will never be answered. It seems unlikely that any thought of recognition or, indeed, any thought whatsoever of a 'public' can ever have been entertained by him. Few men can have known him, and we must not look for posthumous confessions from one of Doughty's mind. It is no matter to dwell on. We may voice the regret and forget it again, and turn to the works which we have and which are proof against neglect, as Doughty was himself, and proof against mortality, as he could not be. Indeed, these works of his are such that they hardly call for readers. Those who run may not read them. Only those may read them who will, in spirit, toil in the pitiless Arabian sands, suffer hunger almost unto death, sail the dark ocean of the early world and be tossed with Adam, the father of us all, in the Lord's hurricane. So complete are these works of Doughty, so full are they of creation, that they address themselves to none. They are a planet which cares not whether it shine or no. They have no innuendos, no 'gentle reader', no rim of footlights. They cannot be looked at or merely read; they must be entered and lived. And so our regret is sublimated by their austerity.

But, after all, what recognition is this that is yet due to Doughty? In one particular he met with abundant recognition. He lived to see himself established as one of the great masters of English prose literature. So that he may be said to have come into part of his literary inheritance while he lived. But it is not literary recognition alone that we have in mind when we think of Doughty. That he will stand among our great writers, both in verse and prose, there can be little doubt. But this is not all. It is not as an artist that we remember him; it is not the magnificence of his creative imagination alone that lays hold of us. We cannot separate what he wrote, thought, and imagined from what he was, did, and endured. He was not merely a great poet; he was a great man of action. Against the virtues of his creative imagination, its

elemental austerity or its child-like tenderness, we must set his personal virtues—his heroic scholarship, his sublime fortitude, his integrity.

Doughty had the vision in him to take 'Island Britain' in the hollow of his palm, strip it of its railways and smoke-stacks, and reclothe it in its ancient garment of forest, so that we can cross it squirrel-like, from branch to branch and from sea to sea; or, again, he could evoke the little band of early Christians and 'the deep, sweet things of Christ' which filled their hearts, till we become as one of them and stand with them at the porch,

To see, if come not yet, the risen Christ!
With company of bright angels from the East,
And cloud of His dead saints.

And this same Doughty had the gift to cut himself adrift and sail before the wind into the heart of fanatic Arabia, to accept no disguise in deed or in speech, and to dominate or to win over every man he met, whether in the camps of the nomads or in the snarling market-places, by some unique inner force which he seems hardly to have realized and which he betrays to us in spite of himself. And all this was done in desperate ill-health and without money. On one occasion, when he was in the hands of infuriated Arabs near Mecca, he handed his pistol, his sole defence against their knives, to their leader and came out unhurt. There was nothing else to do, but what other man would have had the knowledge, the presence of mind, the force of character, and the pluck to do it?

When we cast our mind over all this world of achievement in body and spirit, we find ourselves possessed of the belief that here was the greatest Englishman of his time. This is the recognition that either our generation or a later generation may be expected to pay him.

There are certain virtues of race which no amount of emancipation can make us forget, and poor indeed we should be if we forgot them. Doughty embodies these virtues so completely that they underlie everything he did and everything he wrote. They are not on the surface; he does not talk of them; he does not think of them. But they are there, to our surprise. We had not thought that so much of the speech and vision of the fourteenth century, or so much of the temper of the seventeenth, could well up, clear and undefiled, in the twentieth.

We cannot do without an underworld of some sort, if only to put Doughty in it and see him take his place there, as he took it in Arabia. When he was alive among us, it was difficult to imagine him living; and now that he is dead, his death is equally strange. His fitting company would be the shades of our old poets, our old scholars, our old voyagers, and there we shall be content to picture him.

TRADE IN THE COMMONWEALTH

TO generalize on questions of fiscal policy must be regarded as a risky venture by those who have any regard for exact definition, and yet it is probable that the tariff has fathered more sweeping, inaccurate generalizations of the kind so dearly beloved by demagogues than any other economic problem. Not only has the subject provided inspiration for untold thousands of oratorical declamations, but such a mass of statistical evidence has accumulated both for and against free trade that any individual of ordinary intelligence can produce an almost illimitable array of pre-digested arguments to prove any point in connection with it, either pro or contra. This makes it comparatively easy for Members of Parliament to execute an about turn on the tariff question without any violent mental effort.

It is true that most of those individuals who qualify as 'thinking people' by reason of a certain minimum of conscious cerebration, accept the view that free trade is desirable as an ultimate ideal; but this acceptance is frequently qualified by a belief that this principle (like other abstract verities such as socialism, brotherly love, and the Kingdom of Heaven, which are all very well in their way) should not be plunged into with undue precipitance. It is sometimes argued that, if all the countries of the world could by some means be simultaneously converted to free trade, and the backward nations persuaded to adopt the standards of living now prevailing in New York, tariff walls might well be levelled with great advantage to all concerned; but it is obvious that if these preliminary conditions have to be observed, free trade will not enter into practical politics during the life of the present generation. If we put the eternal verities in their place, which is evidently somewhere in the dim and distant future, it is clear that we must adopt some sort of working compromise for present use. This narrows the matter down to a question of more or less trade interference or protection, and, taking the world as a whole, the expediency of high tariffs will vary from nation to nation according to standards of living, climatic conditions, and certain political exigencies which may not at first glance seem to have any direct bearing on tariff issues.

The trade treaty between Canada and Australasia which has recently been debated at great length at Ottawa is a good illustration of fiscal complexities. The main features of the treaty in its present form are that Australian agricultural products such as butter, cheese, eggs, and meat will be admitted to this country duty-free or at a low

rate, and in return Canadian paper, canned salmon, and certain classes of manufactured articles will receive preferential treatment in Australia. The Conservatives are attacking the treaty on the grounds that it provides a market for a few favoured Canadian manufacturers at the expense of the Canadian farmer, but we do not believe that a good case can be made for any imposition or retention of protective duties on the necessities of life, particularly food products. So far as it goes the reduction of tariffs between Canada and Australasia is a step in the right direction, and our main criticism of the treaty is that it appears to have been negotiated in rather a selfish bargaining spirit, with each Dominion attempting to over-reach the other in trying to obtain some private advantage, rather than worked out on broad comprehensive co-operative lines. We would prefer to see a reciprocal treaty between Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, admitting each other's goods, whether raw or manufactured products, absolutely free of duty. All these Dominions are at practically the same stage of development, wages and standards of living are very similar, and between them trade barriers are inexcusable.

The United States is frequently pointed to as the shining example of a nation prospering under a régime of high protection; but the United States is to an exceptional degree self-supporting, from Maine to Florida there is a great variation in climate and physical conditions, and the population is greater than that of the whole of Europe a generation or so ago. There is no more reason why there should be tariff walls between New Zealand and Canada than that they should exist between Michigan and Texas. The argument that the Australian dairymen have an unfair advantage over the Canadian farmers because they are able to pasture their cattle in our winter season, is equally applicable to the Northern and Southern States in the Union. If there are any products which our farmers cannot raise in competition with the Antipodes, under the protection of several thousand miles of Pacific Ocean, they would be well advised to turn to some other branch of agriculture. With part of our West turning to mixed farming it is inevitable that our exports of dairy products must increase, and with a large exportable surplus our home markets must be governed by world prices. It is to the advantage of the whole community that the farmer should be well recompensed for his labour, but it is through the adoption of scientific methods of agriculture and co-operation in the production and distribution of his produce that the farmer's lot may be improved, and not by sheltering himself behind the bastions of a protective tariff.

THE TARIFF SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES

FROM A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

A VERY curious situation has arisen in regard to the tariff policy of the United States. In the days when Grover Cleveland carried a presidential election on a low-tariff platform and William Jennings Bryan was crusading against the tariff barons of the East, the farming population of the United States, and particularly of the region known as the Middle-West, was firmly convinced of the evils and injustices of the protectionist system, and was the backbone of the anti-tariff movement. But the last twenty years have seen a gradual shift in public opinion, and no less an authority than Mr. Secretary Hoover is now quoted as the recent author of a semi-private statement to the effect that in a few more years the farmer would be the only high protectionist left in the United States.

With great difficulty the American farmer was induced to acquiesce in a protectionist system, which entailed very heavy costs and burdens to himself, on the plea that he was bound ultimately to reap great profits from it; but it begins to look as if, now that an economic condition has arrived when it might yield him some tangible benefits, he will have to fight hard for its retention. At any rate practically all the bankers of the United States and many of the manufacturing interests which formerly besought the farmer to support protection are now leaning towards free trade, and are in many cases vigorous critics of the present tariff system. On the other hand the farmers' organizations are agitating for state support of an export corporation scheme on the lines of the McNary-Haugen bill as an instrument for the disposal of their exportable surplus and the maintenance of domestic prices for farm produce, and their plans depend for success upon a high tariff.

For this extraordinary revolution in fiscal opinion, three major economic developments are largely responsible. In the first place the development of automatic power machinery and quantity production has lowered production costs in the United States to a level where many of the staple industries are able to sell their goods in foreign countries in competition with the products of much cheaper labour. The American motor industry with its huge export sales has nothing to gain and much to lose by protection, and its leading figure, Henry Ford, is an avowed free-trader. The boot and shoe manufacturers of the United States sell their products all over the world, and when the Fordney-McCumber tariff was under consideration by Con-

gress they asked for no tariff protection but demanded free hides. Manufacturers of a large number of machine products have come exactly to the same viewpoint.

What many American manufacturers now want is the cheapest possible food for their workmen and the best possible commercial relations with other countries. The boot and shoe manufacturers of New England, for example, want a tariff policy which will, by the free admission of Canadian and Argentine wheat and beef, reduce the cost of living and at the same time stimulate the sales of American footwear in these countries. The steel industry has profited by the tariff, but it has never actually needed it, and Mr. Charles Schwab has more than once admitted that it could easily get along without any protection. The second factor in the change is the altered attitude of a group of great banking houses who have either lent or underwritten enormous sums of money for foreign countries, chiefly in Europe. They sense that their best chance of getting their money back is through imports of foreign goods, but that to this process of recovery a high tariff wall is a serious obstacle. They do not relish the idea of being paid back by rubber and coffee imports 'boosted' to artificially high prices, and, therefore, may henceforth be ranked among the opponents of high protection. On the other hand the American farmers have arrived at a point when they feel that they need and can use the tariff, although opinion among them is not unanimous on the point; the economic experts of one agrarian organization estimate that the present net cost of the tariff over and above its supposed benefits is \$300,000,000 per annum. However, despite great improvements in farming methods, the American farmer's cost of production has been gradually forced higher and higher until he finds that he can no longer compete successfully in international markets with the produce of the much cheaper lands of Canada, the Argentine Republic, New Zealand, and other countries. For instance, the same quality of land which sells in Iowa and Nebraska for \$80 to \$100 per acre, and much less depleted, can be bought in Saskatchewan for less than \$45 per acre. Moreover, in one crop after another the United States is finding itself without an exportable surplus and faced with the necessity of importing to meet local consumption demands. The free imports of agricultural produce from countries where cheaper costs of production prevail would soon bring down prices in the United States, and therefore the American farmer is now disposed to see great virtues in a protectionist system. In short the United States

is at last reaching an economic position parallel to that of Britain in the forties of the last century, when free trade became a manufacturers' interest and the agriculturists clung fiercely to protection.

It happens, moreover, that many complaints are being heard about the performances of the U. S. Tariff Commission as reorganized by President Coolidge, and there are indications that the dissatisfaction will be aired during the present session of Congress. At a recent meeting of the American Economic Association in New York, Prof. E. F. Taussig of Harvard University (who served as Chairman of the Commission from 1917 to 1919) and Mr. Costigan of Colorado, who is at present a member, charged that the Commission had ceased to be a disinterested and non-partisan body and had become a pliant tool of the Republican party and the administration now in power. Senator Norris of Nebraska, Progressive Republican, also declares that the Commission is now being used as a weapon to secure higher tariff rates for favoured interests, and announces his intention of demanding a congressional investigation.

But even more serious are the charges made by Tariff Commissioner A. P. Dennis of Maryland, who declares that the Commission is now packed with a high protectionist majority because a Democratic Commissioner who was supposed to hold low-tariff views now consistently aligns himself with the three Republican high protectionists on the Commission. Mr. W. S. Culberson, who served as Vice-Chairman until last summer, was a low-tariff Republican and an object of great aversion to the protectionist interests; but he was got rid of by being appointed Minister to Roumania. Mr. Dennis avers that in the last three years only one single duty has been lowered, and it affected quail imported from Mexico for breeding purposes; but he declares that another case, which affects the family budgets of half the households in the country, has been on the Commission's docket for two years and eight months, and that the facts undoubtedly point to the need for a drastic reduction of the present duty, but that repeated efforts on his part have failed to secure a decision. The general impression is that he was referring to cotton hosiery, on which there is a duty of 60 per cent. and of which American exports exceed imports many fold. Under the circumstances the Democratic leaders, who have been looking for a new issue to rehabilitate their party position, are beginning to think that a campaign against high protection might be popular, and plans are being laid to force the fiscal issue to the front.

SOME OF CANADA'S NEAR-BY PROBLEMS

BY W. F. MACLEAN, M.P.

This is the first article of a series in which outstanding members of our various political parties and groups will discuss our national problems and plainly state what they stand for in Canadian development. In this period of uncertainty and confusion, great issues have been obscured and small ones have assumed an undue prominence. We feel that this symposium may help to clarify the situation and reveal national and party issues in true perspective. Mr. Maclean is an independent Conservative protectionist and senior Member of the Canadian House of Commons, where his personal qualities command respect no less than his position.—ED. THE CANADIAN FORUM.

FIRST of all, what I propose to say is said as a soldier in the growing army in English-speaking and other countries who believe in public ownership or public control of great public services; as a believer in cutting out all profiteering and the exploitation of the public by shareholders in private-owned companies entrenched as monopolies—companies that ought to serve at cost plus bank interest, as against exorbitant dividends to share-owners—aided at times by law or lack of law and by newspapers who profess devotion to public welfare, or by politicians who make the same professions when seeking the public's votes.

And so at the request of THE CANADIAN FORUM, I comply—knowing that our economic outlook is more or less cloudy, because of the Great War, and that we are only now beginning to find our feet in the march forward—and will review some of our issues that I think are outstanding, beginning with:

(1) The Railway Problem. I dealt with this subject in a speech to our House of Commons in January, and what I want to say in this article is that Canada now finds herself served by two great systems of railways that should be consolidated into one. The Canadian National Railways is a consolidation of several company-owned roads that had been highly bonussed and highly privileged, and which, because of failure, had been taken over by the Dominion Government and consolidated into one great system—now the largest and greatest public-owned railway in the world—which is being rapidly recognized by the people of Canada as one of their best assets, following the two billion dollars which our Parliament, at different times, invested in the several roads that make up the whole. These lines have been consolidated under the able management of Sir Henry Thornton and expert operating heads, traffic managers, and engineers. While at first there was an annual deficit in the running expenses and the maintenance charges, there is now after the short space of three years a very considerable and growing surplus (in January, 1926, over thirty-two millions of dollars), with the almost certain forecast that the Canadian National Railways will not only pay all charges of operation and upkeep, but will in a very few years time be able to pay some dividend on the two billions invested by Canada in the original corporations; and if the plan I am going to outline here is carried out, it will not be long before the Canadian

National Railways will be able to pay at least 3 per cent. on a billion dollars, which Parliament might declare a fair amount as against capital investment. Now the way to do this, as I have argued in Parliament and still persist in arguing, is for the Government of Canada, or Parliament, to make a proposal to our competing road, the Canadian Pacific, for the consolidation of its system into the National Railways. This would permit the cutting out of all existing and unnecessary duplications, not only duplications of headquarters staffs, and duplications of main lines and branch lines, but duplications of telegraph and express services and cartage outfits, and organizations for solicitation of traffic. Moreover, it would permit what engineers call a policy of re-routing, which involves taking the best parts of the respective duplications and merging them into one system, picking out the best grades here, and the best bridges there, and the best approaches to the respective stations of either system. Out of the profits of this consolidation we could also guarantee a fair dividend on the 260 million dollars of common stock of the Canadian Pacific, and also create a great Trust Fund out of certain 'extraneous assets' of the Canadian Pacific, made up of some of its lands and some of the other organizations that it controls (like Smelters, for instance) but which to my mind are properly 'consecrated' rather than 'extraneous' assets for carrying out the commitments of the Canadian Pacific Company to the Government of Canada to maintain its road now and 'for ever' at the 'highest efficiency'. With careful management of this Trust, there might be an additional amount paid to its shareholders, and we might have the Trust Fund so created to be held for the Dominion of Canada and the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific on a fifty-fifty basis as to these assets in the Trust.

By this consolidation I am convinced that two hundred millions of dollars, now annually wasted between the two systems by these unnecessary duplications and unnecessary commitments would be saved. Part of the money so saved could be used, first of all, to pay the interest on one billion dollars that might be fixed as the investment of Canada in the National Railways; secondly, to pay the aforementioned guaranteed dividend on the common stock of the Canadian Pacific; thirdly, to pay thirty million dollars a year toward a wage fund for twenty-five thousand men that

might have to be let out of employment by the consolidation of the two railways; and a portion of the surplus still available could be used in the reduction of railway freight charges for the traffic on the consolidated system. By this consolidation we would take care of all the other financial commitments of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, *permitting also of a reduction of freight charges in order to make the Canadian National Railways serve what they were originally pledged to serve, the building up of Canadian ports by the shipment through them of our Canadian products, either to Europe or to Asia.*

If anybody says that this be confiscation, my reply is that it is not, because, as I have already said, in the original charter the Canadian Pacific is bound to maintain its road 'for ever', and to keep it up to the highest 'state of efficiency'; and all its millions in cash subsidies and other millions of land grants, also immense gifts of lines already started or under construction, also the privilege of importation of all kinds of material duty free, were 'consecrated' assets, by the original Act of the astute Sir John A. Macdonald ratifying the contract, rather than 'extraneous assets'. He never used that last phrase.

I say that Canada cannot afford to maintain two systems of railways competing one alongside of the other and maintain this condition for ever: it is more than folly, it may mean a national and perpetual madness.

My suggestion means complete success for the Canadian National Railways, and for the Canadian Pacific a guarantee as to its future. But with that guarantee must go such amortization of its common stock as actuaries may suggest, say fifty years, until its disappearance.

And with this consolidation of the roads, the New National Railways will take over all the steamships and river and lake vessels of the Canadian Pacific (with their financial commitments, now provided for out of earnings) and give Canada as a nation complete ownership of all the constituent services and, what is still more important, complete control of land and ocean freight charges. And thus consolidated our national transportation system will be able to meet or take up the new airway services that are coming. As I have said before, if you go into national transportation, you must go the whole hog or go out in a sputter!

(2) The Bank Problem. I want to see the adoption by Canada of a National Banking System, similar to that in the United States known as the National Reserve Bank System. *This system does all the re-discounting for all the banks scattered over the Union, known as Member Banks, at cost and without any profiteering. And notwithstanding the reply of The Wall Street Journal to my challenge in Parliament, I am prepared to show that in consequence of*

that first-class system of re-discounting, the rate of bank interest is lower in the United States than it is in Canada. If we had the same system with all profiteering cut out, we could have the same rate of interest for re-discounting in Canada that they have in the States. And I say that nothing would go so far in cultivating a sentiment for annexation in this country, as the maintenance in Canada of a banking system inferior to the system which obtains in the United States. And I challenge the upholders of the present methods of re-discounting in Canada to show that we have as good a system as obtains in the United States. Therefore I give The Wall Street Journal a second chance at my 'little learning' as 'a dangerous thing' in 'halls of legislation'!

(3) The Constitution of Canada. Notwithstanding the fact that we live under what is called 'The British North America Act', and our Federal Government in Parliament was created by it and exists under it, and the same in regard to our Provinces, and the same in regard to the rights of our French-Canadian citizens in the matter of their language and religion, I am convinced that *the right to amend that Constitution should be in the Canadian Parliament and the Canadian people, and not in the Mother Parliament. And still further, that the interpretation of that Act, and the rights secured under that Act, should be in the Supreme Court of Canada, as is the case in Great Britain, in all the other co-Dominions, and in the United States.* And this is another fortunate comparison that comes up in the mind of the Canadian, that not only has the United States a Constitution that they themselves make and interpret, but that under it they have made themselves, in the course of 150 years, the greatest country in the world—one of the foremost in the way of liberty, of riches, and of industrial development, as well as in farming, mining, education, and movements for public welfare; and they have made themselves as they are to-day, *the bankers of the world*, and looked up to not only by all nations of Europe and Asia, but by various other governments on the American continent. If any one says that I am arguing in favour of independence in regard to the Constitution, my reply is that I am preparing the way for full equality between the mother country and the sister Dominions, and making of the mother country the leader of all these Dominions rather than a mother to those who have or should come into full national manhood. I even have in my mind that the peace of the world hereafter will be maintained by Great Britain, by the British Dominions, by the United States, and by other countries that believe in a Parliamentary or Democratic system of Government. If there is one thing I look forward to, with more hope than any other thing I could name, it is the creation of an International Police Force, to which the English-speaking

Governments would be the main contributor. And I hope the English-speaking nations will exercise a leadership in creating a league insisting on the maintenance of order throughout the world, with an International Police Force to carry out International mandates.

(4) And now to come to an equally outstanding subject, that of our fiscal policy as exercised through a tariff of Customs duties, Excise taxes, and other internal taxation, of Export duties and favoured nation clauses, in treaties as to trade between ourselves and other countries. This is a very important issue in the country and in Parliament, and it comes very near to those who are employed in our industries and those who have to buy the products of our industries. For the time being, the railway question, and the banking question, and the constitutional question, as set out in the previous paragraphs, are here and now present, and ought to be dealt with this Session; but it is possible that, by reason of reports by special committees, or by rather extensive reconstruction of the Government, the tariff might suddenly be projected into an immediate issue, and people would begin to take sides, because of the reconstruction of the Government, or of a dissolution arising out of what seems to be a critical situation.

The present disposition of a considerable portion of the House is to get by on any tariff question for this Session at least, and to deal with the railway and the banking problems, where the deck is clear; but nobody need take it for granted that the tariff issue is in any way settled under present conditions. For instance, there is a very large section even in the Liberal Party who believe that we have textile industries, like that of woollens, which have been more or less depressed by reason of the present tariff, and that that business ought to have its former tariff conditions restored at once. There are woollen mills idle in Ontario and Quebec, and their former employees are out of work. Then there is another large set of the people of Canada who are complaining of the invasion of Canadian markets by dairy importations from Australia under the new treaty with that Commonwealth, and it looks at the moment as if there will be a very considerable agitation for the abrogation of that treaty at the first opportunity. And what gives the treaty another black

eye is the fact that the preference given to Australian dairy products in Canada is supposed to be in return for corresponding advantages given to the Canadian newspaper-print mills and the automobile industry located in Canada in the Australian market. Many Canadians who are protectionists say that these two big industries do not need the favours they now have under the Australian Treaty, and that there must be a very considerable reduction of the duties, especially on the cheaper automobiles coming into Canada from the United States. So the question of tariff and preference is simply riding along for the present. That is no reason why we should not, in the meantime, go ahead with our Constitutional Reform, go ahead with the improving of our Banking and Financial System, most of all solve the Railway Problem in the way I have suggested, and do it at once—and then fix our fiscal policy after a full discussion in a General Election and in Parliament.

And finally let me say as an experienced Member of the Canadian Parliament, that we see at Ottawa too much of the bitter party spirit, not enough of unity of action and co-operation of the parties and groups toward public welfare. How different it is in the United States. Let me quote from a recent letter to me from an old fellow worker here in Canada:

Washington, D.C., Feb. 3rd, 1926.

Dear Mr. Maclean:

The Hansard containing your speech only reached me Monday, and I had read it before receiving your letter this morning. It is a good speech, and you can stand by all you said respecting the Federal Reserve Bank system, being a triumph of public ownership. The U.S. Government owns more than half the capital stock, all the profits above a six per cent. dividend are turned into the public treasury, and nearly all the capital stock not owned by the Government is owned by the National Banks which are the creatures of the Government. Moreover, all the banks are subject to the Federal Reserve Board and the members of the Board are appointed by the President and are officials of the Government. Something of the kind must come in Canada with the Chartered Banks as member banks of the State Bank of issue and rediscount.

I cannot understand why you as the father of the House do not make an appeal for all the Members to work together constructively as Members of Congress do here. The tariff will have to be settled by a future election, but I cannot see why the Members of the House at Ottawa should not forget party politics long enough to work harmoniously on small committees dealing with transportation, banking and other problems. The Taxation Bill now going through Congress was prepared by a Committee consisting of fifteen Republicans and nine Democrats, and they agreed on a unanimous report which the House adopted with only 25 Members out of 400 voting in the negative.

WHITHER CANADA?

BY HUNTLY M. SINCLAIR

DESPITE the dissatisfaction at the results of the general election, it may be interesting to speculate upon what the October returns really meant. It is true that if the King government fails to find support in the present Parliament, a new election may be precipitated. Yet so sectional is the representation in the present Parliament that

it is doubtful if the present low-tariff combination of Liberals and Progressives would be very seriously challenged.

This means, in effect, that Canada has decided to refuse to listen to the clamour of her industrialists for another period of four years. Unless there is a very substantial change in popular opinion there

will be no revolutions in the economic order until 1929 or 1930. Such a postponement of the decision on tariff policy may have very far-reaching results.

It is no secret that the arguments of the high protectionists were directed largely against the United States. Canadian industrialists looked with jealousy at the extraordinary industrial expansion of the neighbour to the south. This neighbour had a very high tariff. It was natural that they should argue that the prosperity of the United States was due to the tariff. It might prove interesting to analyze this argument.

Perhaps it might be said that the history of the United States is the best possible argument for free trade. Here we have half a continent supporting a population equal to that of such West European countries as Germany, Austria, Hungary, Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia combined, and within whose far-flung borders no tariff duties are levied.

But the argument will be urged that the United States is a high protectionist country: Canada would have the same development if the tariff barriers were raised. However, this by no means follows. The United States is a country which is more than usually fortunate in the wealth of her natural resources. It is a country which possesses every type of soil, nearly every natural resource, and almost every range of climate. All the arguments for free trade that have been raised by the theorists have been given a practical application. California has specialized in oranges, North Dakota in wheat, Massachusetts in manufactures. Each of these sections was able to devote its effort to the goods which it could produce most efficiently. The country could be said to be an economic and geographic unit.

This could not be said of Canada. Certainly the Dominion is vast in area. Certainly it has a considerable range of soils. But when we examine the geography of the country we are convinced that it is made up of four disparate areas—the Maritimes, the central provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the prairie provinces, and British Columbia. Each of these areas is united economically and geographically to the area to the south. When we examine our natural resources we are amazed at the waywardness of nature in failing to provide the central provinces with deposits of coal. When we examine our climatic conditions we must decide that Canada is destined, in so far as agriculture is concerned, to raise a limited number of staple commodities. The prairie provinces may take the advice of the experts and turn more and more to mixed farming. Yet such is the nature of the climate and the soil that it is possible that wheat-raising will remain the basis of the prosperity of that region. Our oranges will

continue to come from California, our melons from the sunny south.

It is, then, idle to argue from the example of the United States in urging that if Canada will embark upon a policy of high protection, Hamilton will become a Pittsburg, and Toronto a Chicago. The experience of one country may point the future for another. But the countries in question must have within them the same requisites for development.

Now I would not deny that Canada has an industrial future. I would willingly predict that the day will come when Canada is an industrial rather than an agricultural nation. Yet I would freely assert that industrial development is not so desirable as to deserve artificial aids.

There has been much too great a striving after industrial development as the chief end of our Dominion. Economists the world over are only now beginning to question the satisfaction which this end may yield. We find, for example, so distinguished an economist as Mr. J. M. Keynes asserting that there was conclusive proof that, from the beginning of the twentieth century, Great Britain had been forced to trade a greater and greater proportion of manufactured goods for the agricultural commodities which were necessary to the sustenance of her dense population. If this process is speeded up in the future, and the extension of industry in such agricultural countries as India and China would point to a speeding up of the process, it might be very much to the benefit of a country to retard industrial development rather than to aid it by artificial means. This is all the more true because the nature of the agricultural commodities produced in Canada insures that the farmer would pay the bill for the artificial stimulation which is given to manufacturing industries.

There is, at least, a case for taking a long-time view of Canada's development, and questioning very seriously what form that development should take. Some of the most tragic pages in the economic history of many countries have been those which have been written about blind-alley employments. We want to assure ourselves that Canada shall build up no blind-alley employments. If Canada can compete ideally with the other countries of the world in wheat production and paper manufacture, we want to insure that investment funds find an outlet in those industries rather than in industries which have to compete with the highly specialized cotton factories of Lancashire and the steel masters of Pittsburg. It is idle to prate about economic self-sufficiency. It is impossible, and undesirable were it possible.

On the whole it would seem highly probable that the tariff question has been settled for some

time to come. Those who are conversant with the agricultural situation on the North American continent have not ceased to marvel at the comparatively favourable situation of the Canadian wheat producing regions. It will be only a matter of time before there is a rush from the high-priced lands of Kansas and the Dakotas to the low-priced lands of the Canadian prairies. In 1913 the large number of 139,009 immigrants arrived in Canada from the United States. This immigration had dropped to 20,655 in 1924. Cheap land is not a lodestone when agricultural prosperity is lacking. But with the Winnipeg price of wheat ranging well over \$1.50 per bushel there is reason to assume that the movement into Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta will assume something of its old proportions. And, if the prairie provinces get the proportion of the total population which they were attracting in 1913, there will be such an augmentation to the free trade sentiment of the Dominion as to shelve the question of higher tariffs for a decade.

There can be little doubt that the pessimism which now exists in certain Canadian quarters is the result of an over-speedy industrial development. This of itself should point the policy of the future. Better that development should be slow and natural than that industries should grow like hot-house plants. Those who are acquainted with the trend of events, the wealth of our natural resources, and the quality of our population, cannot be other than optimistic about the future.



THE BANKS

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

I gather from your editorial on page 137 of your issue of February that you feel that Sir Herbert Holt and Mr. C. E. Neill of the Royal Bank would be more useful to Canada if they and their abilities were 'brought into the direct service of the community'. As they are bankers, I am forced to suppose that you would like to see them managing a government bank, and engaged in the business of lending government funds instead of those of their depositors. If I were sure that they would then be allowed to work upon the same principles as they do now, namely, first, the safety of the funds lent, and second, the best possible return from lending them, I might agree with you, and possibly they would also. But obviously, if they were, there would be no object in nationalizing them; they would go on lending to much the same people as they are lending to now.

You seem to have been moved to this desire for nationalizing the Royal bankers by a contemplation of the last annual statement of the bank. But, excellent as it is, it is really not nearly so dazzling as you seem to suppose.

It is true that it paid 14 per cent. in dividends, but those dividends were paid upon an investment of \$200 per \$100 share—\$100 of capital and \$100 of reserve. Some of this reserve consists of undistributed profits, but most of it was actually paid in as cash by original purchasers of new stock, much of which was issued at prices as high as 200, 210, 240, and even 250 per share. The dividend is at the rate of 7 per cent. on the actual amount of shareholders' funds now invested in the institution. This is a good return, but not surely an out-of-the-way one in a business which is of such a character that a few years of bad management may, and frequently do, wipe out the whole of the shareholder's equity. Nor is there anything particularly remarkable in the increase of \$204,629,269 in total assets, seeing that that was brought about largely by the absorption of the Union Bank of Canada.

The Royal Bank at the present moment has 788 million dollars of assets, against which it owes to the public in various forms almost exactly 738 millions. It is the shareholders and none other who guarantee to the creditors of the bank the full payment of their claims. A shrinkage of one per cent. in the value of the assets would wipe out a third of the shareholders' reserve. It is not likely to occur, but it is only good management that prevents it from occurring. A reduction of one quarter of one per cent. in the yield from the assets would almost wipe out the dividend. It is only good management that maintains so good a yield with so little risk. Such shrinkages of capital or of yield have frequently occurred in Canada, as a result of the inability of the shareholders to obtain competent or honest management of their bank. Can we not get it admitted, at least in our more intelligent periodicals, that banking is a business in which competent management is entitled to a moderately high return, since it is one in which incompetent management inevitably spells disaster?

Yours, etc.,

B. K. SANDWELL.

[Our correspondent regards the banks from the point of view of the shareholders: we regard them from the point of view of the public as a whole; and the aspect of the existing system which Mr. Sandwell stresses is one of the many reasons for so considering them, since incompetent management often means a loss to the public and competent management always means a gain for the banks and their shareholders at the expense of the public.—Ed. THE CANADIAN FORUM.]

PAUL BUNYAN

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

It may be interesting to readers of the Paul Bunyan article contributed last month by Mr. Robins to learn that, in addition to his lumbering activities, Paul was also a great railway contractor. We who were on the construction of the G. T. P. were told that he took it up because with the depletion of the pine forests he ran out of timber big enough to make peavie handles; also, of course, he realized that the blue ox (we never heard of him as 'Babe') would be able to pull a real grading machine, that ploughed sixty-eight furrows at once much better than the ordinary complement of twelve to sixteen mules could pull the little one-furrow machines that the contractors used.

Stories of his exploits as a contractor were common during that construction in 1907 and 1908. We noticed, for instance, that the prairie trails had three ruts instead of two: the horse runs in the middle one and the buggy-wheels in the two outer. This was because Paul Bunyan, when he made them, used a wagon with three wheels; otherwise the load that the blue ox pulled always broke the axle. He had a cook-tent, too, as big as the original

'big bunkhouse', so big, indeed, that he had to wait on the table himself riding on a white horse and with a coffee-pot in each hand. The coffee he spilled accounted for the colour of the slough water.

'Side-hill gougers' were common on the prairie, their bones are to be found on the tops of hills, because when they become weak they can only run uphill, so that they always die at the top. Some of the teamsters, when they got to the mountains the following year, built or modeled a 'hodag' at the Yellowhead Pass (known locally as the 'Ti Jean', never 'Tête Jaune'). This animal had horns on its head made of twisted timbers, and a clay body carefully smoothed with shovel and fingers. Its spine bore a crest of buffalo horns transported from the prairie in many dunnage-bags and eagerly contributed for the occasion. It was a fearsome beast. A photograph was made of the hodag, and one of the engineers sent a copy to the British Museum with a letter saying that it had come into his possession and that he would like to know what sort of animal it was. The experts, however, were not to be 'had' and replied that it resembled no known animal, living or fossil, but might be an Indian idol. To my untrained eye it looked very like a stegosaurus with a few additional horns and excrescences.

It was once my privilege to see a chip from Paul Bunyan's old broad-axe that he threw away when he went contracting. It had been reforged into a very large wheel-scraper and was being used by a contractor near Wainwright. This was, of course, only a very small chip: Paul could have ground his axe and got to work again without missing a stroke.

Now, Shorty was my authority for the authenticity of the axe, and Shorty went to France with the famous Twenty-Second Battalion. It would be unnatural to suppose that he could not point to holes in the ground on the Somme that were caused, not by shells, but by the feet of the blue ox bringing up Paul's big howitzer. I do not believe that Paul Bunyan has 'passed with the changing conditions'; he has only moved on a little.

Yours, etc.,

C. M. STEWART,

Engineering Department,
Canadian National Railways.

TARIFF PSYCHOLOGY

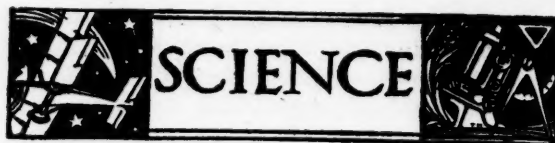
To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

At its beginning, economists said that the Great War could not last more than four months. It lasted thirteen times that period. They saw only 8 per cent. of the picture. What was the factor they left out? Call it human will. This Human Will appears thirteen times as important as any economic law. Economists are now including it in their estimates. Mr. Keynes writes that if the Soviet leaders can make the next generation *believe*, etc., certain economic conditions will follow. Mr. MacIver writes that *civilization* has nullified Malthus' law.

In considering a fiscal policy for Canada, let us give a place to this factor, which seems to be thirteen times as important as all economic factors. The industrialist *believes* that a lower or a wobbling tariff will injure, perhaps destroy, him. The agriculturist knows that, whatever the tariff may be, he can rely on nature to produce for him and on nature to compel some demand for his produce. Therefore, this psychological factor says that, to get the best economic results for all, it is first necessary to fortify the industrialists' belief.

Yours, etc.,

E. C. BIGGAR.



PHOTOSYNTHESIS*

FROM 1771 and Priestley, with his bell-jars, mice, candles, sprigs of mint and his 'dephlogisticated air', it is a far cry to the present and farther still to its scientific outlook. The face of science has so changed since then that one is curious to find out whether a century and a half of investigation has advanced commensurately our understanding of the strange and significant phenomenon which was first hit upon by Priestley. The Professor of Botany in University College, Reading, has supplied the means to do this in an admirable book* wherein the experimental evidence is brought together and criticized so judiciously that the reader is in a position to judge for himself the points of weakness and strength in the present position.

We owe it, of course, to Priestley, but more especially to Ingen-Housz and Senebier (upon whom the significance of Priestley's results were not lost, as they largely were upon the man himself) that the essential facts of photosynthesis had been thoroughly established by the year 1800. That is to say, it was clear to anyone with an open mind that the carbonaceous matter of plants had its origin, not in the soil, but in a trace of carbon dioxide in the air; that the assimilation of this substance was a fundamentally important nutritive process, that it resulted in an evolution of oxygen by the assimilating tissues, and that it was possible to none but the green-coloured parts of plants and to them only in the light.

The exchange of gases between the plant and the atmosphere had been the first phenomenon of photosynthesis to be observed, and it was the first to be measured quantitatively. By 1804 the admirable work of de Saussure had as good as proved that the volume of carbon dioxide taken in was equal to the volume of oxygen given off. This still remains the one quantitative relation that we have between the substances taking part in photosynthesis, and consequently it is our most important, though all too slender, guide in the formulation of hypothesis.

Though it was recognized very early that all the organic matter of plants arose by virtue of photosynthesis, the identification of the first or primary products of this process has not yet been fully accomplished. The first visible and easily identified

*Photosynthesis: The Assimilation of Carbon by Green Plants', by Walter Stiles (Longmans; 1924).

product in most plants is starch, which makes its appearance with amazing rapidity when starved cells are allowed to assimilate. The recognition of this fact by Sachs was an important step forward, because it indicated this much at any rate: that the primary products are carbohydrates. But starch is a complex carbohydrate, and might be expected to have as a precursor one or more of the simpler sugars. Experiments with plants which do not form starch at all, or in which starch appears at certain periods only, show that the accumulation of this substance is preceded by the formation of sugars. The prolonged controversy over which of the possible sugars is the first thus to be formed in photosynthesis now appears to be about to end in favour of glucose. The series of events which leads to the production of glucose from carbon dioxide and water has yet to be elucidated, and it is not being excessively conservative to hold that the matter is still wholly obscure. This is not to say that speculation has not been superabundantly active nor that suggestive evidence from purely chemical considerations is wanted; but of sound physiological evidence there is almost none. Chemical evidence chiefly points to the substance formaldehyde as intermediate between carbonic acid and glucose, and that this is a physiological possibility can hardly be doubted. Artificial syntheses of sugar from carbonic acid and water have been achieved, and formaldehyde appears to be an intermediate product in such syntheses. Unfortunately, hypothetical schemes developed from considerations of this sort conflict at a number of points with some of the best-attested physiological evidence. Consequently, such hypotheses, and there are a baker's dozen of them, should not be mistaken, as they commonly are, for the law and gospel of photosynthesis.

In explanation of the fact that none but the green parts of plants can carry on photosynthesis, we now know that this function proceeds in special organs of the cell, the chloroplasts, to which the green pigments are confined. As evidence of the autonomy of the chloroplasts in photosynthesis, it has been contended that they are capable of active assimilation after having been dissected out of the cell and suspended by themselves in a suitable fluid. The desirability of understanding the intimate structure of the chloroplasts is, therefore, plain enough, but on this question opinion is so absurdly divided that, with all the evidence before us, it is impossible to reach a decision even as to the way in which the pigments are distributed within these organs.

It is interesting that Nehemiah Grew's observations on the substances to which the green leaf

owes its colour antedate the experiments of Priestley by almost a century. From 1682 until about 1906 progress was slow and opinions confused. In the latter year, however, confusion was terminated by a convincing demonstration that there exist in the chloroplasts of leaf cells two closely related green pigments, now known as chlorophyll *a* and chlorophyll *b*, and two equally similar kinds of yellow pigments, the xanthophylls, of which there are several, and carotin. We owe to the labour of Willstätter during the succeeding twelve years, as complete a knowledge of the chemistry of these pigments as we have of any other substance found in the plant. It is significant that the leaf pigments are chemically identical in all of the large number of species in which they have been examined. This indicates that whatever the functions of the pigments may be, they are independent of the minor metabolic peculiarities of the various species.

The precise nature of the part played by the pigments in photosynthesis is not yet clear. We know that light is necessary to the process, and we may safely infer that it provides the energy required for the synthesis of carbohydrate of high heat value from substances of no heat value such as carbon dioxide and water. We know also that radiant energy cannot be made to effect chemical change unless it is first absorbed. A comparison of the absorption spectra of chlorophyll and of living leaves shows that the power of light absorption which the leaf possesses is for the most part to be attributed to the presence of the pigments. We can hardly escape the conclusion, therefore, that one function of the leaf pigments is to absorb light and thus to render energy available for chemical change.

If we go into more detail we find that chlorophyll absorbs most strongly in two regions of the spectrum, the red-orange-yellow and the blue. It is not surprising, then, that leaves illuminated by light of any of these colours, especially by red light, assimilate more rapidly than when illuminated by light of equivalent energy from any other region of the spectrum, including both infra-red and ultra-violet. Now, as it happens, ultra-violet light greatly exceeds light from any part of the visible spectrum in its power to induce chemical change, and an artificial photosynthesis of sugar from carbonic acid and water has been brought about in the laboratory by the use of these powerful radiations. The implication of this is, to put it crudely, that chlorophyll functions in making the light which it absorbs do the work ordinarily possible only to ultra-violet light. In chemical terms, chlorophyll acts as a sensitizer. This conception seemed to receive confirmation when it was shown that an artificial photosynthesis of sugar could also be induced by light of

the visible spectrum, as in the leaf, if there were added to the mixture of reacting substances, which by themselves have no great power of absorbing visible light, a sensitiser such as the dye malachite green, which has this power. The analogy between malachite green and chlorophyll, therefore, superficially appears to be complete and to carry with it a strong implication that chlorophyll functions merely as a sensitiser, and that photosynthesis is nothing more than a photo-chemical reaction.

But, unfortunately, the matter cannot be quite so simple. A purely photo-chemical reaction possesses certain characteristic properties by which it can be identified. One of these is that a given increase in temperature does not bring about as great an increase in velocity as it would in an

ordinary chemical reaction or in most physiological processes. The effect of temperature upon the rate of photosynthesis, a matter upon which we have a quantity of concordant information, leaves no room for doubt that the process is not purely photo-chemical, but includes steps which appear to be dependent upon enzyme action. Other evidence points in the same direction.

All this, and more which might be said, forces the conclusion that photosynthesis is far too complex a phenomenon for complete analysis with no more than our present information. That we talk about it with a vocabulary vastly different from that of the men of 1800 is clear, but whether we have progressed very far toward an understanding of it is another question entirely. G. H. D.

ART IN TORONTO

BY A. Y. JACKSON

THE present exhibition of paintings at the Art Gallery of Toronto is quite the most important one ever arranged in this city. While it does not embrace all the great periods in art, it does range all the way from Michael Angelo to Matisse, and although both these artists are but slightly represented, we find other great artists represented by outstanding canvases, such as Tintoretto's *A Venetian Senator*, Rembrandt's *Lady with a Dog*, the Moroni portrait, Cuyp's spacious and dignified river scene, Millet's study for *The Man with a Hoe*, Gauguin's *Women under the Palm Trees*, Bellow's *Anne in White*, D. Y. Cameron's *St. Raphael*, Rockwell Kent's *Portrait of a Boy*, and Nash's *Void*, to mention but a few of the many notable works. If this were our permanent collection, it would, with a few replacements, make the Toronto Gallery one of the important galleries of this continent, and such an idea need not be looked on as impossible. If we can visualize a great art gallery, we can realize it.

One thing to be noticed in the exhibition is the feeling of continuity from the old masters to the modern ones. To go from Bellini, Tintoretto, and Cuyp into the next room given to Morrice and Thomson need give one no shock at all. In both rooms we find beautiful colour and fine design, only in the modern room the artist demands more of the observer. The work is complete when the artist has emphasized the certain beauties the subject inspired in him. The dull observer resents a demand on his mentality he cannot respond to. The probability is that his response to the old masters is just as dull, but while he misses the structure and subtlety of tone and colour, he can hang on to its lesser qualities of finished surfaces and representation of details. So, from the placidly beautiful *Maas at Dordrecht*, by Cuyp, the serene sky and

calm water reflecting the forest of masts and sails, the yard arm of the near vessel acting as a lever that gently balances the whole composition, we move to the *West Wind* by Thomson, a younger, more vigorous people, a harsher climate, a less patient age, and we have a pine tree bending under a boisterous wind, with a stretch of grey broken water beyond, and the vigour and boldness of the painting are in perfect harmony with the country and his people, and one can love the Cuyp for the same reason one loves the Thomson.

There is a popular illusion that the academic painter of to-day is the upholder of the sacred traditions which the modern painter is supposed to ignore and despise. And yet, if we look back a few years we will find that while the academicians were receiving medals, honours, and titles, the homage of the press, and the applause of the multitude, the true succession comes down through a line of rather obscure individuals who, like Blake, Cotman, Constable, Courbet, Rousseau, Millet, Daumier, Cézanne, and Van Gogh, must have been aware of the superficial qualities of their eminent brethren who stood in the limelight and accepted the bouquets. We scarcely miss in this exhibition the work of Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Alma-Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir Luke Fildes, Gerome, Bougereau, Constant, and the host of others who upheld the dignity of their profession by being obedient, a quality in art which is eventually rewarded with oblivion.

Although most of the impressionists have been dead for twenty years, this is the first time a number of their works has come to Toronto. Our private collectors, in waiting for their work to be safe, waited too long, and now one pays large prices for minor examples. If the herd instinct in Canada had not been



DECORATIVE PEN DRAWING

(MADE IN 1916)

BY THE LATE TOM THOMSON

so strong, we might have in our houses the works of Degas, Monet, Gauguin, Segantini, Winslow Homer, and a hundred other individual painters instead of the tiresome repetition of windmills, cows, and old women peeling potatoes which blight so many Canadian homes. The impressionist movement has not many adherents to-day. One finds it in homeopathic form in Le Sidaner, Childe Hassam, and a few others. Cézanne realized that art which neglected form could never have the permanent quality which the work of the museums possessed. His canvas in the present exhibition is difficult to reconcile with his theories; that this kind of painting was responsible for all the orgies of cubism is not easily conceived. We can sense in it why Cézanne was not satisfied with the aims of the impressionists, sacrificing, as they did, everything for light and atmosphere. To Cézanne, colour and form were a unity, not, as in the Old Masters, colour added to form. But while the works of Sisley, Monet, and Pissarro seem to-day rather slight, if we compare the Sisleys with Daubigny's *Apple Orchard* we find a range of silvery blues and greys, a lightness and airiness, that none of the Barbizon painters were conscious of. In turn, if we compare the Daubigny with the Ruisdael, we find in the former a richness and juiciness in all the foliage, pure greens used discreetly, and a wealth of design in the tree-forms. Then we go to the Ruisdael and Hobbema, not to find there is nothing left, but to find what dignified landscapes could be painted within such limited conventions of form and colour.

The Barbizon period is not richly represented—a Courbet, *Wood Interior*, which is fresh and solid despite its technical carelessness, a Millet study for *The Man with the Hoe* which the Louvre might envy, a delightful and unusual Daumier of a street in Montmartre, and a little Corot from our National Gallery (one of the unconventional Corots which promise in time to take a higher place than the Ville d'Avray type which have become the model for millions of pot-boilers).

Of the older Canadian work, the interesting figure is Krieghoff. He is decidedly the pioneer in Canadian painting, and our museums would show foresight in tracing up his finest works and acquiring them if possible. His observations were minute. He built up his canvases around little groups of habitants or Indians, with the St. Lawrence in winter or pine woods as a background. The *Ice Bridge at Longueuil* and the *Habitant Farm* are fine examples. It is enlightening to study his *Ice Bridge* and a similar subject by Morrice painted over fifty years later, and to compare the sincerity of the older painting with the subtle artistry of the later one. Furthermore, there is little in the period between the two of importance in Canadian art. Blair Bruce and Paul Peel produced work in the French manner in France, they received honours from the

academic art authorities of thirty-odd years ago, and one must demand in France how they are regarded to-day. Fowler remained an English water-colour painter, most of the time working a farm. Occasionally he sensed something that suggested a reaction from his surroundings, but it was for later men to find what a rich field Canada was for the painter.

Much of Morrice's Canadian work is scattered around Europe. He was a strange, over-modest soul. He starts off with Harpignies as his master and paints conventional Barbizon pictures, and ends up with Matisse as his inspiration, painting bold, post-impressionist designs. He was a wanderer, as his work shows, painting in Brittany, Venice, the West Indies, Quebec, and a couple of years ago word came that he died in Tunis.

Although other artists had painted the North Country before Thomson, he extended the whole field. He knew it better; he felt it more passionately; he painted nothing else; he was as ill at ease as a deer when he came to a clearing, and seldom made any effort to depict what man had wrought. For motives he used the pine, the spruce, the birch, rapids and lakes, muskegs and beaver dams, and found in such things infinite variety. In the Octagonal Room we have four large canvases of trees, *The Jack Pine*, *Northern River*, *West Wind*, and *Pine Island*, all distinct in design and colour, yet all practically the one motive of pines silhouetted against sky and water.

Of the *West Wind* at Wembley the *American Art News* said: 'There is the boldest simplification, the most emphatic statement, and the strongest colour knit together in the most harmonious way. In this picture one can hear the wind howling—a sound that has not reached our ears since we stood in front of Renoir's *Le Coup du Vent* at the Lefebvre Gallery last year'.

While the acquiring of important foreign paintings will be a difficult problem, there is no reason why the finest work produced in Canada should not be sought after, and when one considers that it took us nearly ten years to make up our minds about the *West Wind*, it is clear that if we decide on the ambitious project of forming a permanent collection such as the present exhibition a bolder policy is imperative.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

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INTO THE SEA

BY EDWARD SAPIR

We shall trample the sea-shells.
Pointed pebbles bleed,
The sun-hot blades
Feed to the hunger of bare feet
Pain salt, pain sweet.

The long seething marble
And the fury,
Both manners of the sea
We know, we love,
As lovers love the exquisite caress
But no less
The swift anger, hate even,
Relapsing in love
Tender far more—
So these shore waters.

We shall fly into the sea.
Embrace me in the cold
Shelter of breakers!
Embrace me in the foam
Of broken waves!

Are we not sea-birds?
Or fish nosing the surface?
Or water-craft
Hurled over the sea?
Gulls whipping the spray
Have not wilder poise,
Nor fleet sharks to the grim distance
More fixed equipoise,
Not bark of magic
Took a straighter way.

We fly to the sun
Coming on the water.
Ankle to ankle
We bathe in gold.
Arm in arm
We kindle fire
In heaving cold,
Lip on lip,
Desire in desire.

We follow the sun
Who glides beautiful
With paling gold
Through all the twilights
Of the sea.
Ankle to ankle
And arm in arm
We pale with beauty
In all the twilights
Of the sea.



LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION

MAMMONART, by Upton Sinclair (Sinclair, Pasadena; pp. 390; \$1.00);

LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION, by Leon Trotsky (Allen & Unwin; pp. 256; 8/6).

LITERATURE is often written by rebels, but it is usually criticized by conservatives. It is a pleasant change to find two books of literary criticism written by revolutionaries, and one finds that these two have much in common. Both Upton Sinclair and Leon Trotsky have already made their mark as critics of life and politics; although one calls himself a realist, both are idealists; both are Puritans; both make war on bourgeois art, on the Art for Art's Sakers, on the decadents, on the mystics; both look forward to an art that will not be an art of class, but of the people, to a culture that will be 'truly human'.

But naturally there are differences. There is a significant difference in the appearance of the books themselves; the one by the successful revolutionary is nicely bound and printed by an eminent English publisher, and costs the Canadian reader \$2.50, while the book from the pen of the revolutionary who has not yet 'arrived' is printed on cheap paper at his own press and is sold in a paper cover for one dollar. There is a difference in the texture of thought which reflects a fundamental difference of character. One of these critics has shocked the world with a million pamphlets; the other with a million bayonets. Upton Sinclair is a stiff-hearted prophet of the proletarian revolution, but one cannot conceive him at the head of a Red army, whereas one is used to thinking of Trotsky as a man of action, and is not surprised to find that his style resembles a machine-gun's. There is a difference in the aim of the two books: Sinclair's task is to demolish the bourgeois conception of art, and especially literature; Trotsky, more happily placed from the revolutionary's point of view, starts with the pronouncement that bourgeois literature itself is dead; his task is to evaluate the literature that has survived the Revolution, to note its tendencies and its promise, and to indicate the hidden wells from which the true Socialist literature will spring. He outlines the policy of the Russian Government towards art in this transitional period as designed 'to help the various groups and schools of art which have come over to the Revolution to grasp correctly the historic meaning of the Revolution, and to allow them complete freedom of self-determination in the

field of art, after putting before them the categorical standard of being for or against the Revolution'.

Upton Sinclair's thesis is that all art is propaganda. 'It is universally and inescapably propaganda; sometimes unconsciously, but often deliberately propaganda. . . . Art is play to the extent that it is instinctive; it is propaganda when it becomes mature and conscious. . . . The artist is a social product, his psychology and that of his art works being determined by the economic forces prevailing at his time. . . . The established artist of any period is a man in sympathy with the ruling classes of that period, and voicing their interests and ideals'. Homer was a ruling class propagandist; that is why Gladstone and Matthew Arnold rhapsodized over him. 'Homer is to the British world of culture what the top-hat is to the British world sartorial.' Æschylus is the propagandist of Hundred per cent. Athenianism. Aristophanes is 'The Funny Man of Reaction'. Sophocles is 'the perfect type of the ruling class artist who achieves perfection without strife because he is completely at one with his environment, identifying the interests of his class with the will of the gods'. What claim have these men to the homage of the people? In a world which has always been desolated by misery and darkened by injustice, can we estimate the greatness of artists truly without taking into account their social attitude and philosophy? In effect, is it not the supreme test whether they were for or against the Revolution?

Clearly this is a rich vein, and Sinclair spits on his hands and swings his pick with gusto. Virgil and Spenser, Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe, Tennyson, all are mined anew and subjected to the acid test. And all are found wanting. 'They feel love and pity for the unhappy children of their brains, and they move us to grief and awe, but never do they move us to revolt.' It is a crime against the Holy Ghost! And against the impressive list of artists who were propagandists of the ruling class, Sinclair sets a host of the noble army of martyrs who rebelled against the capitalists and their gods, and shows what happened to them—Euripides and Juvenal and Dante, Cervantes, Milton, Bunyan, Molière, Voltaire, Burns and Byron and Beethoven, and the whole bright company of nineteenth-century rebels. The dim and less familiar aspects of the immortals are illumined in the glare of the revolutionary's torch. Wagner appears as the social revolutionary who sold out to the enemy; Nietzsche as the prophet of an heroic brotherhood of man; Dostoevski as the Byzantine Christian, the neurotic glorifier of 'sores, boils, rags, lice, beggary and bad smells', who made one effort in the cause of liberty, was broken, and became a propagandist of reaction, proclaiming a Russia redeemed by monks. 'Well [says Sinclair] he had his way, and the redeem-

ing monk appeared—Gregori Rasputin by name!' The lessons Sinclair draws from his studies of these lives are often refreshing. Having pondered the life and works of Wilde, he concludes that 'decadent poets should be sent to prison and kept there permanently. Anything to save them from smart society! While Oscar Wilde was at large, the pet of the cultured rich, he idled and wrote futile plays; but when he was locked up, he took life seriously, and wrote great literature.'

Even those who cannot go all the way with Mr. Sinclair will enjoy his company, unless they are atrophied in their souls. His enthusiasms are as wholehearted as his contempts. Shelley is 'the finest mind the English race has produced'. If you don't agree, take England's men of genius, he says, wipe out their lives after the age of thirty, and see what you have left. He gnashes his teeth over the way the critics treated, and are still treating, this 'Angel of Revolt' who flayed 'Swellfoot the Tyrant':

A couple of years ago was celebrated in London the anniversary of Shelley's death, and there assembled a great number of people of the sort who would have skinned him while he was alive. A famous editor, Mr. J. C. Squire took occasion to quote the poem: 'Men of England, wherefore plow?' How obviously foolish! If the men of England did not plow, they would starve! But it just happens that Shelley did not say that; what he said was: 'Men of England, wherefore plow for the lords who lay ye low?' And five million, five hundred thousand labour votes echo: 'Wherefore?'

When the liberated workers take up the task of making a new culture, says Sinclair, 'they will honour Shelley by making him their poet-laureate, and hailing him as the supreme glory of English letters'.

Trotsky is only concerned with Russian literature, and especially the new literature of the Revolution which *Mammonart* probably will help to shape. He dismisses the pre-revolutionary literature in a chapter—Rozanov, with his 'revelations' in the field of sex and his 'wormlike wriggling before power', is treated roughly, as are the other 'hangers-on'. Trotsky's wit is like an axe; it is heavy, but it cuts: 'Foma Fomich Opiskin, the classic type of old noble hanger-on, found himself always "with psychology" in a state of domestic insurrection. But if I remember rightly, he never got farther than the barn.' The literary 'fellow-travellers' of the Revolution—Kliuev, Yessinen and the Imagists, the 'Serapion Fraternity', Pilnyak—get friendly but ruthless criticism. They suffer chiefly from a certain dualism. Pilnyak's whole work, for instance, is dualistic—'sometimes it is the Revolution that is the invisible axis, sometimes, very visibly, it is the author himself who is timidly rotating around the Revolution'. They do not satisfy Trotsky. He cries for 'a realistic monism, in the sense of a philosophy of life, and not a "realism" in the sense of the traditional arsenal of literary schools':

Our age wields an axe. Our life, cruel, violent and disturbed to its very bottom, says: 'I must have an artist of a

single love. Whatever way you take hold of me, whatever tools and instruments created by the development of art you choose, I leave to you, to your temperament and to your genius. But you must understand me as I am, you must take me as I will become, and there must be no one else besides me'.

The Futurists are considered the most promising school. True, they were not born of the Revolution, but, as Trotsky puts it, they were caught by the Revolution while they were still in revolt against the bourgeois order, were pushed forward, and became Communists. Futurism has many qualities that are admirable:

Futurism is against mysticism, against the passive deification of nature, against the aristocratic and every other kind of laziness, against dreaminess, and against lachrymosity—and stands for technique, for scientific organization, for the machine, for planfulness, for will-power, for courage, for speed, for precision, and for the new man, who is armed with all these things.

But it must not be forgotten that the Futurists are Bohemian rather than proletarian in their origin. As an example, Trotsky quotes a line of Mayakovsky's—'The bald-headed street lamp which pulls the stocking off from the street'. That line, he says crisply, illuminates the Bohemian and city quality of the poet more than any amount of discussion. Trotsky deprecates the extravagances of this Mayakovsky, who, in the name of the Revolution, denounces 'Wilson swimming in fat'—'Wilson gobbles, grows fat, his bellies grow story on story'. Trotsky points out that these images are false: 'Wilson is thin, though we may readily believe that he swallows a sufficient quantity of portains and fats'. But he has hopes of this hot-brained author of *A Cloud in Trousers*; and he hopes much for Futurism's contribution to the art of the people: 'In the evolution of that art, Futurism will prove to have been a necessary link. And is this so very little?'

Trotsky has no illusions about an art of the proletariat. A proletarian art can never exist, for art needs time, and the dictatorship of the proletariat is a temporary thing, designed to bridge over the chasm from the old bourgeois order to the new order of a Socialist world. He is modest in his expectations of the near future; knows it is useless to hope for great tragedy; hopes for a comedy of the Revolution before long; for the present he would be satisfied with a good revue. The Revolutionary tragedy when it comes will not be a tragedy based on detached personal passions, which is 'too flat for our days'. Ours is a period of social passions, and the tragedy of it lies 'in the conflict between the individual and the collectivity or in the conflict between two hostile collectivities in the same individual'. That is why the tragedy of the future will be very different from the tragedies of Shakespeare. Trotsky's faith in our human destiny is the bed-rock foundation of a bold confidence in the art of the new age; for in a Socialist world 'the forms of life will become dynamically dramatic. The

average human type will rise to the heights of an Aristotle, a Goethe, or a Marx. And above this ridge new peaks will rise'.

R. DE B.

OLD INDIAN FOLK-LORE

THE PANCHATANTRA, translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 470; \$4.50).

THE present reviewer does not know of another complete translation of this famous collection of fables and tales from ancient India. There was a rather fine, though restrained translation of four of the five books which make up the collection, done by Sir Edwin Arnold and published in 1900 in the *World's Great Classics* series. From a purely literary standpoint, especially in the translations of the verse so freely interspersed throughout the stories, Arnold's work is superior, that is to say, it is finer English. His translation, however, not only omits one whole book and large portions of the others, but takes away almost all the salt from what remains. The result is a version which is perhaps a little more suitable for unsupervised reading by children, but of vastly less value for the student of folk-lore, and possibly of less interest for many adult readers.

It is quite possible that the chief value of Mr. Ryder's new translation will be to those who are interested in folk-lore in general, in the old tales of India, or in the origins of mediæval tales and fables. To all of these, the *Panchatantra* will prove as rich a mine as the *Shah-nameh* itself, and more so than the *Thousand and One Nights*. Just what light it throws on the vexed problem of the origin and distribution of folk-tales and fables, it is not the place here to discuss, but the folklorist dare not disregard it, whether or not he accepts the theory of Oriental origin for European folk-tales.

There is no reason, however, why the general reader, looking only for amusement, should not find much to entertain him in this ancient frame-story. There is a genial philosophy of life, theoretically but not by any means practically fatalistic; there is mordant satire, rapier-like irony, jovial nonsense, and ludicrous situation. One quotation will give an impression, not of the book as a whole, nor even by any means of its characteristic philosophy, but of one phase of its worldly wisdom, corrected, however, in a hundred others by more idealistic teachings.

A beggar to the graveyard hied
And there 'Friend corpse, arise,' he cried;
'One moment lift my heavy weight
Of poverty; for I of late
Grow weary, and desire instead
Your comfort; you are good and dead.'
The corpse was silent. He was sure
'Twas better to be dead than poor.

HARDY

HUMAN SHOWS: FAR PHANTASIES: SONGS, AND TRIFLES, by Thomas Hardy (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 279; \$2.50).

THE lover of Hardy will find little to surprise him in this, his latest volume of poetry. The wonder is just as great, and, by the very lapse of time, greater, but we have come to accept the phenomenon of his undiminished power almost as a matter of course. Indeed, we pick up a new volume and look for growth. The surprise would be in detecting symptoms of decay. The odd poems that have appeared during the interval since the publication in 1922 of *Late Lyrics and Earlier*, poems such as 'On the Portrait of a Woman About to be Hanged', 'A Refusal', 'Waiting Both', or the rapturous love song in the *Queen of Cornwall*, have kept us aware that the master's hand was not losing its cunning.

For those who would follow Hardy step by step, year by year, there are some eight poems in this collection which are dated 1922 and later, and at least two others, "So Time", and "Why Do I?", that surely belong to these years. That the old satirical vigour is unimpaired may be seen in 'A Refusal'. The old indignation against Creative Fate cries out again in the 'Portrait of a Woman About to be Hanged'. But there is comfort for those who see in him the seer and philosopher and yet would fain be hopeful, in at least two of the group. The ode 'Compassion' brings a message of cheer which is all the more encouraging when it comes from one who has never been wont to cry 'Peace, peace', when there was no peace.

But here, in battlings, patient, slow,
Much has been won—more, maybe, than we know—
And on we labour hopeful. 'Ailnon!
A mighty voice calls: 'But may the good prevail!
And 'Blessed are the merciful!
Calls a yet mightier one.

In 'The Absolute Explains', and its continuation, "So Time", there are even indications of a possible cessation of the old central controversy with the Universe. Characteristically enough, Hardy seems to find hope made possible through science, through Relativity and such mystic-philosophical extensions of it as the theory of the Fourth Dimension.

Young, old,
Passioned, cold,
All the loved-lost thus
Are beings continuous,
In dateless dure abiding,
Over the present striding
With placid permanence
That knows not transience:
Firm in the Vast,
First, last;
Afar, yet close to us.

For the many of us, however, who love best the more lyric Hardy, there are gems to rejoice the

heart in this last group. 'The Best She Could', 'A Popular Personage at Home', that little apology at the end of the book, "Why Do I?", so much less definitive, so much less a farewell than, say, the poem 'Afterwards', with which the *Collected Poems*, of 1919 conclude their first volume.

Why do I go on doing these things?
Why not cease?
Is it that you are yet in this world of welterings
And unease,
And that, while so, mechanic repetitions please?

When shall I leave off doing these things?—
When I hear
You have dropped your dusty cloak and taken you wondrous wings
To another sphere,
Where no pain is: Then shall I hush this dinning gear.

As a matter of fact, there seems to be less direct reference to age than in his other recent volumes. Possibly one of the most interesting aspects of Hardy's genius is the power he has retained of advancing the successive personal pasts in which he finds such abundant elegiac material. Here is a man, who in his eighties can find in the experiences of his seventies the inspiration of such poems as 'Ten Years Since', 'Days to Recollect', and others.

As for the rest of the book, those poems that are, for the most part, undated, and may be of 1868, 1898, 1913, or 1925, it is very much what the Hardyite will expect. There are the same novels in verse which please some of us better in their verse form than in their prose expansions; there are the dramatic monologues; there are the same delightful singing songs. There are fewer of the situations of *Satires of Circumstance* and *Time's Laughing-stocks*. There is less anger in the ever-present sympathy; more of the mellowness that was so abundantly evident in *Late Lyrics and Earlier*.

One definitely new feature there is, in a new handling of nature themes. Not more of nature; that is hard to imagine. Heretofore, however, there had been the inevitable introduction of the human, as human, and the poem would lead up to a bit of reflection, a cry of regret, a rendezvous. The reader will recall, to name a few at random, 'To Outer Nature', in *Wessex Poems*, 'At Middle-field Gate in February', from *Moments of Vision*, and 'A Night in November', from *Late Lyrics and Earlier*. In this present series there is a scattered series of seasonal poems that are almost pure landscapes. One of the most appealing is 'Night-Time in Mid-Fall'.

It is difficult to avoid mention of personal favourites, slighted because they did not fit into the unyielding scheme of a brief notice. 'When Dead', 'Four in the Morning', 'The Carrier', 'A Watcher's Regret'; but, alas! one must not run on with an enumeration which would omit so few.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM, by Orlo Williams (Leon and Parsons; pp. 224; 7/6);

CREATIVE CRITICISM, by J. E. Spingarn (Harcourt, Brace; pp. 138; \$1.25);

THE IDEA OF GREAT POETRY, by Lascelles Abercrombie (Secker; pp. 231; \$1.75);

SILHOUETTES, by Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B. (Heinemann; pp. x, 413; 8/6).

HERE are two books about modern criticism and two fairly good examples of the English variety. They are none of them perhaps really important books, but they will be read with pleasure by all those who, like Mr. Abercrombie, 'have an itch to be thinking' about the nature of art and poetry, and who like to know at the same time what other people are thinking about the same interesting problems.

Mr. Orlo Williams writes from the standpoint of the professional critic, whose task has been to talk about English literature to a foreign audience. This gives him the advantage of an unusual point of view, from which he is able to see more clearly than the ordinary London journalist or Oxford professor certain critical tastes and mannerisms which are peculiarly English. It is this which lends a special interest to his book, which is otherwise—as he admits—a very limited survey of contemporary English criticism. He emphasizes the anti-intellectual bias in the English mind, which has the advantage of keeping our criticism sane and practical, but nevertheless cuts it off from the possibilities as well as the dangers of a more abstract, a more purely æsthetic and philosophical method. He is inclined to accept almost too complacently a recent compliment from a French critic, that the English public is more than any other 'sensitive to an order of beauty that appeals only to the soul; . . . and more than any other is capable of grave enthusiasm for spiritual grandeur'. For if Professor Spingarn's cheerful and brusque dogmatism is at all representative, the time is passed when we may be reproached 'for looking upon art as a vehicle for moral ideas'.

This enthusiastic disciple of Benedetto Croce sees the field of criticism cleared at length from all the dead lumber and weeds of many generations, and nothing left there but the Tree of Life, which is able to satisfy all our desires. We have only to accept Croce's theory of expression once and for all and every possibility of confusion and difficulty is immediately done away with. We have done with all the old Rules; with the *genres* or literary kinds; with the comic, the tragic, the sublime, and an army of vague abstractions of their kind; with the theory of style, with metaphor, simile, and all the para-

phernalia of Græco-Roman rhetoric; with all moral judgment of literature; with technique as separate from art, etc., etc. We cannot but admire the joyous energy with which Professor Spingarn gathers up all this lumber to fling at the heads of Mr. Walkley and Mr. William Archer and the rest of the 'connoisseurs of stale platitudes, angered and confused by the thought of a new age impatient at their commonplace'.

It is a good thing for Mr. Abercrombie that these essays were written before he began to put forward his theories of poetry, which are an attempt to bring back some of the distinctions which Croce has swept aside. While accepting the concept that art is expression, he refuses to follow Croce to the conclusion that all expression is art, and—in so far as it is perfect expression—has equal artistic value. In this volume, however, he makes no attempt to confute a philosophic theory; he examines simply a definite historical fact, that a certain body of poetry is known as great poetry, and some few poets have been given by common consent the title of 'great', and tries to give a satisfactory explanation of this by pointing out the distinctive qualities which always belong to such men and their work.

It is after all a merely practical enquiry, and not an attempt to dig up again some satisfactorily buried abstractions as to the quality of the sublime in literature. And it is a very natural enquiry for all those who are left by Croce with no means of distinguishing between the artist who produces a perfect lyric and the creator of an epic except by reference to a decidedly crude standard of bulk and weight.

It is difficult to give a fair impression of Mr. Abercrombie's argument as a whole by summary or quotation, but the following sentence indicates what is perhaps his chief addition to the expression theory—the creation of a perfect unity, final and complete in a work of art, which is beyond and distinct from the perfect expression of the various different experiences which are the parts of it.

When we have some notable range and variety of richly compacted experience brought wholly into the final harmony of complex impression given us by a completed poem, with its perfect system of significances uniting into one significance, then we may expect to feel ourselves in the presence of great poetry; and the greater the range, the richer the harmony of its total significance, and the more evident our sense of its greatness.

That is a little clumsy, but it does suggest a reason for the traditional use of the term 'greatness' in connection with poetry. The theory seems harmless until it is put into practice and made the means not merely of distinguishing what is 'great' poetry but of arranging in their order the company of the world's poets. And when it is further used to estimate the value of the great poems of Lucretius,

Dante, Goethe, we are left with an impression of superficiality and realize afresh the disadvantage of approaching any work of art while our mind is full of some particular theory about it.

English criticism is perhaps never at its best in this field, and especially to-day we are inclined to have too little patience with theorizing about art, or with the investigation of the larger movements of thought in the literature of the past or the present. It is curious that while some of the best European critics occupy themselves in attempting constantly to redefine and elucidate the meaning of such critical terms as, *e.g.*, *classical*, *romantic*, and reveal the fulness and richness of the ideas hidden therein, it has become our custom only to mention them with a smile or an apology. Mr. Williams is not far wrong when he speaks of the present condition of criticism, as showing

a general sanity, if anything but a delicacy, of taste. The extravagant perversions of art, the morbid psychology, the extreme applications of new aesthetic theory, which show themselves from time to time on the continent of Europe, find little echo in England but that of mild laughter. . . . Except in certain small cliques the accepted literary art is, at least, reasonable . . . for instance, there is hardly anything to distinguish the literary periodicals except their titles and their shapes.

That is after all a very good atmosphere for the kind of criticism that is true to the best English tradition—that practical criticism which takes as its special province the task of ‘pronouncing a particular judgment upon individual books, of advising, of refining contemporary taste, of fulfilling a demand made by the public, and no less than in artistic creation, of pleasing an audience’.

There is no better critic of this kind in England to-day than Sir Edmund Gosse, and this volume of *Silhouettes* is an excellent collection of short papers and reviews recently published in the *Sunday Times*, ‘swallow-flights, based upon no method except upon curiosity and delight in all manifestations of literature’.

H. J. D.

HISTORY OF EUROPE AND THE NEW WORLD

RELIGION, COMMERCE, LIBERTY, 1683-1793, by J. W. Jeudwine (Longmans; pp. xxxiv, 391; \$3.75).

IN many respects Mr. Jeudwine's latest book is a distinct advance on his previous work, in which there were many errors in historical emphasis and perspective. His new book attempts to treat from the comprehensive angles of religious developments, economic policy, and political philosophy the general history of Europe and its overseas' enterprises and offshoots during the century which preceded the French and American revolutions. In other words Mr. Jeudwine sees an age of clashing transitions in terms of a struggle between the

slowly dying community conception of life and of authority in society and a growing doctrinaire theory of individual liberty.

On the whole, Mr. Jeudwine has succeeded in writing an interesting, if, at times, irritating book, and one which is informed throughout with a width of reading in contemporary writings which is occasionally phenomenal. He gives his readers suggestive and, in places, impressive views of the older order in European civilization, of the growth of commerce and finance, of the struggle for trade and empire, of the revolt against the conception and idea of authority expressing itself in new theories, in wars, and in revolutions. The emphasis is on the American colonies and on the American revolution, and Mr. Jeudwine makes valiant efforts to see this field from both sides of the Atlantic.

His readers will be prepared, in the light of modern scholarship, to find the whig view of the history challenged; but few of them will expect a treatment which, in reaction against one extreme, swings into what may perhaps be called an equally extreme ‘tory’ view. It is here, we think, that Mr. Jeudwine's good judgment too frequently fails him. At the beginning of his book he praises the developments in England due to the growth and seminal worth of a common-law at the expense of changes based on ‘scraps of philosophic fancy’. Had he kept this excellent point in view throughout he would have given us a more balanced view of the American problem. It is idle to lay the entire blame on commercial and navigation policy—as idle as to assign the English reformation to Henry's ‘divorce’ question. The causes were many and complex, and, if they must be reduced to a single origin, we think it would be found in one of those ‘scraps of philosophic fancy’ to which Mr. Jeudwine has referred—in the conception of a *sovereign* Imperial parliament. There lay, as far as the empire was concerned, the fundamental whig error of 1688. The colonists were common-law men and they appealed to that great historic idea against the new fangled whig principle of parliamentary sovereignty. It is perfectly true that the Declaration of Independence was a kind of philosophical *pot-pourri*, but every people, when a moment of challenging action comes in their history, makes such appeals—we stand too near 1914-1918 to forget that the human mind can create ‘fundamental truths’ with an uncanny skill. On the other hand, when attempts were made to find a central source the colonists got back inevitably to the principles of Coke and the common-law lawyers which they had taken overseas with them and they rejected an omniscient, comprehensive parliamentary sovereignty as a whig and revolutionary conception. There was whig perversity

in the American troubles, but it lay initially in 1688, not in 1766-73. We are glad, however, to notice that Mr. Jeudwine has more than a good word to say of George III. The worst fault, we have always believed, of the whig historians has been their hiding their own party's errors behind the person of the monarch. Mr. Jeudwine's statements, supported as they have recently been by Fortescue, ought to command the attention of every honest student of history.

There are not a few places in which Mr. Jeudwine's zeal outruns his wisdom, in which his information and conclusions are inaccurate. For example (p. 221), the Quebec Act, whatever else it did, did not 'give self-government to the Roman Catholic French'. The opinion of Walpole that the policy of the Quebec Act aimed at providing a French-Canadian army against the colonists is rejected by Mr. Jeudwine with something akin to contempt (p. 292). Unfortunately it was the avowed and deliberate idea, and one clearly expressed, of Carleton, to whom the Quebec Act owed its origin. We should not like to accept Mr. Jeudwine's categorical generalizations over the failure of the Albany Plan of 1754 (p. 237). We know from the *Newcastle Papers* that Halifax at least favoured it. In addition, news of Washington's defeat at Fort Necessity reached the ministers during the discussion of the proposed union and cut short their deliberations.

The book is admirably printed and fairly well indexed, and the format is such as we expect from the house of Longmans. Maps with excellent references are provided. Might we suggest to the publishers the necessity of avoiding references in the text and not in footnotes? The method is most inartistic and it is one to which lawyers are peculiarly prone, as it seems to belong to legal textbooks by some process of original sin. It makes, too, for vagueness. What can the student make of 'Lansdowne MSS.' on p. 303? There is a famous series under that general title, but we know Mr. Jeudwine does not refer to it. On the whole, however, the book is interesting, suggestive, and challenging. It will do the professional historian no harm to read it, and the general reader will find in it much that will arouse his interest and stimulate his curiosity.

W. P. M. K.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

EUROPE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, by David Ogg (A. & C. Black; pp. xi, 579; \$5.00).

THIS is a crowded but eminently readable book, which has the virtue of arousing and sustaining interest. It is well-written, with causes well-weighed and results clearly summed-up. The author's success

is achieved, first, by a dry and quiet sense of humour, and, second, by skilfully arranging the ideas and the historical movement round the larger figures. Doubtless the latter point leads to a certain amount of overlapping, but it is an excellent plan in a period so complicated and interwoven.

France looms large. Colbert and Louis XIV and so on stand out prominently. The author, however, has had historical courage of no mean order. Louis is analyzed most carefully and comes out of the process stupid and thick-headed. The '*grand siècle*' takes on values of suffering and frightfulness which are fully justified and indeed are necessary to counteract the rather uncritical estimates which have become popular. Then we get admirable views of the Jesuits, of the religious struggles, of the clashes due to the principle *cujus regio ejus religio*. Throughout there is scholarship and learning, but the former is never pedantry and the latter is never superficial.

The book is singularly suggestive, and it must widen the outlook and stimulate the genuine curiosity of every reader. We recommend it to those who seek in history more than good prose, an interesting style, and that substantial thinness which would deceive by padded and ample garments. We shall look for further work from the author.

TRAVEL IN ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, by Joan Parkes (Oxford; pp. xvi, 354; \$6.25).

THIS is a popular book and is not a contribution to scientific history. The author's method aims to collect extracts and to make summaries from a wide number of printed contemporary sources in such a way as to amuse. It is, however, a safe guide for criticism to judge a book by its purpose: and Miss Parkes' readers will find much in her volume which will while away many an hour. There are good stories, delightful episodes, amusing situations in plenty, and thus the general reader will obtain a broad and illuminating view of English travel during the seventeenth century. Its varieties, to which Miss Parkes' method of writing contributes, are so entertaining and suggestive that the reader need not concern himself with occasional lapses from an artistic form in writing or with a certain insecurity here and there in information. On the other hand, the book is not entirely without value to the young professional student of English history.

A LITTLE BOOK ON BACH

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE OF MAGDALENA BACH, by Esther Meynell (Doubleday, Page; pp. 184; \$2.00).

IN its first edition this book appeared anonymously; many guesses were hazarded with regard to its authorship, and it was universally agreed that it could only be the work of a woman. Anna Mag-

dalena Wuelkens, herself a singer of some note, was Bach's second wife, some fifteen years his junior, and everything we know concerning their relations points to a happy union; it was, however, never supposed that the present volume was an original document. The portrait is a highly idealized one, such as might be expected from the pen of a loving and devoted wife. It is doubtful if so unique a combination of towering genius and domestic perfection ever existed in this world of sin and woe, but we should like to think it might. One is reminded of Whistler's reply to the critic who complained that 'he had never seen a sunset like that'. 'Perhaps not', said the painter, 'but don't you wish you had?'

Readers are warned that 'those familiar with the known and authenticated facts of Bach's life will realize that certain episodes in this book are imaginary'. The authoress has, however, thoroughly scoured the biographies for material, and the proportion of fiction is comparatively small. Nor are there any notable inconsistencies in the portrait she draws. One might, indeed, expect even the most devoted wife to be familiar with minor imperfections and peccadilloes in her husband, but perhaps Magdalena, had she been in reality articulate, would have refused to admit them to the world at large. Miss Meynell has, at all events, given us a most readable little volume. Of the numerous books on Bach which have appeared during the last few years none will appeal more powerfully than this to the lay reader, and none will give him a keener insight into the mind of the Bach devotee, to whom the composer—with all his greatness and occasional austerity—is a familiar friend.

TRANSLATED NOVELS

MONSIEUR RIPOIS AND NEMESIS, by Louis Hémon (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 359; \$2.00);

THE VATICAN SWINDLE, by André Gide (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 277; \$2.50).

KRAKATIT, by Karel Capek (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 408; \$2.50).

IN 'Monsieur Ripois', Louis Hémon chose a more difficult subject than 'Maria Chapdelaine', and although he succeeded in his creation of the character and in orienting him to life, the reader is left with a sense of failure that can only be explained by the author's error in his choice of treatment. This Monsieur Ripois is the perfect poltroon, the last word in baseness, an exploiter of women who uses the hunger of a starving girl as a means to seduce her, and then refuses her bread; who robs the prostitute that supports him and deserts her in her hour of need; and who finally betrays a woman so sweet and noble that the memory of her stirs a semblance of regret in his desiccated soul and impels him to return to her. But it is too late: she

has killed herself. In these circumstances, M. Ripois neither cuts his throat nor forgets the unpleasant affair. Obviously he can do neither, since his creator has denied him a heart yet has developed in him some faint ghost of a conscience. So he becomes the prey of a gentle melancholy. Nemesis has overtaken him, but when she claws at his case-hardened bowels all he feels is a slight itch. This is a theme for irony, not pathos. And so we are left dissatisfied. But in the first part of the book there are passages of real and poignant feeling which make us grateful for the translation.

To those who appreciate irony, André Gide's novel can be recommended. He must have written it in a more than ordinarily perverse mood, for it conveys the impression that whether the Vatican swindle is a matter of historic truth or historic fiction, the swindle of life is a matter of fact. The scene of action is Rome, in 1893, where the rumour that the Pope had been abducted from the Vatican by the Freemasons is exploited by a gang of adventurers to extract money from the faithful; and it is in tracing the far-reaching and often disastrous effects of this absurd affair that M. Gide's irony has its fling. Julius de Baraglioul, the petted novelist of the classical school, is flung outside his carefully self-constructed self and as suddenly flung back again; Anthime Armand-Dubois, scientist and converted atheist, is snatched from the bosom of the Church he sacrificed everything to join; the lymphatic Amédée Fleurissoire, whose inherent passivity and purity had survived even marriage, loses his virtue and then his life; and Lafcadio Wluiki, the perfectly-constructed instrument for Gide's conception of the unmotivated crime, is left wondering what life is good for. The author's preoccupation with the queer and irresponsible aspects of life naturally finds scope, for human nature is a queer thing. But, after all, it seems a pity that a nice wit and a fine mind should be sterilized by a mistaken conviction that life is only a bad joke.

Capek's book is a fantasy, and yet it has a reality that is lacking in both the others. Considered as a novel, it is the novel of explosives. Prokop, the dynamic protagonist, is an unsophisticated scientist who invents explosives; he blows off his fingers experimenting with explosives, thinks in terms of explosives, dreams of explosives, and invents Krakatit—an ounce of which will explode a city. While still intoxicated with a fine sense of power he is kidnapped by agents of a Middle-European country and held in the castle and munition works of Baltin, where every temptation is applied to make him divulge the formula of Krakatit, to possess which is to rule the world. The story of his life in this explosive environment, of his passion for the tragic Princess Willy, of his physical and

spiritual adventures and escape, is told with a wild richness and an extraordinary vigour. Everything is on the heroic scale. Emotions are consuming fires; passion is a mad ecstasy and a hell; men are giants and devils; when the characters argue, they roar like lions and tigers; when they have a real difference of opinion, they stun and shoot each other, hurl bombs and blow up buildings. When Prokop is thrown from a horse, he smashes his thigh; every time he is sick his temperature soars to 106. And always there are explosions: love is an explosion; life, a series of detonations.

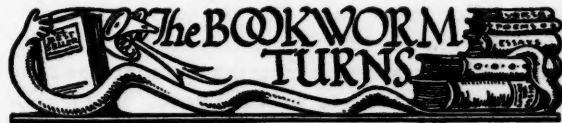
But one cannot judge *Krakatit* as a novel in the ordinary sense. It is an experience of the soul, a parable in the form of a dream shot through with nightmares. And so considered, its exaggerations, its freakishness, its absurdities and sublimities, are not only justified, but fall into the pattern of a satisfying whole. In the end, recoiling from Satan, Prokop finds God, and asks him: 'Why have I come up against so many things?' 'It only seems like that,' answers the old man who is God. 'What happens to a man comes out of himself. It all winds out of you as if from a skein.' 'Was I wicked?' asks the simple Prokop later. And the answer comes: '... You weren't clean inside. A man ... must think more than feel. And you threw yourself at everything.' And after the old man who is God has made him a mug of tea, Prokop, for the first time since he thought he had discovered *Krakatit*, falls into 'a sweet and healing sleep, free from all dreams.' The experience is complete.

LONDON SKETCHES

THE LONDON COMEDY, INTERLUDES IN TOWN, by C. P. Hawkes (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 235; \$2.00).

Colonel Hawkes has revived the dying art of dedication by inscribing his sketches 'with deference and homage to that sagacious connoisseur of London life and character, the Constable on point duty at Hyde Park corner'. Doubtless with his worthy patron in mind, he has grouped his impressions according to their origin in one or other of the great London districts—Piccadilly, Soho, Belgrave, Bloomsbury, Shepherd's Bush. Otherwise there is little harmony between the Blue-Coat on the cover of the book and its contents. Old engravings would better express the scholarly and urbane spirit which distinguishes them. With

reticence and delicacy there is presented a London rarely perceived and infrequently recorded. It is not that sinister city of the coast, redolent of poppies and sandalwood, discovered and popularized by Thomas Burke, but London, suave and dignified, of the sunny square and tankard of spiced ale. The pace is leisurely, the eye keen and humorous, the heart mellow, and the mind richly stored. Delightful companions, either Colonel Hawkes or his book.



AGAINST *Adventures in Understanding*. Mr. Grayson, its author, 'spreads himself' after the manner of the sentimentally cordial brand of 'Christian': he finds everyone childishly benign and confiding whenever he takes the trouble to push himself behind their stupid reserves. His 'adventure' with John Cross Pitwell, successful magnate and disappointed man, is characteristic. Mr. Grayson was masquerading (to himself) as the Caliph of Bagdad wandering incognito through the streets of his city. He chances on Mr. Pitwell in a book shop and instantly decides that he is the Bagdadian who will provide his Caliph with lunch and humanizing entertainment. Mr. Pitwell, on being approached, is naturally a little reticent, but without avail. In a few moments he succumbs, invites the Caliph to lunch, and unburdens himself of his deepest sorrows. Thereafter he fails to escape and is brought permanently under the influence of Mr. Grayson's catholic friendliness. In short, Mr. Grayson presents himself as one of those who combine a saccharine 'philosophy' with a peculiar knack for inserting himself into the lives of others. It is to be feared that his book will be found equally insinuating.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE LAW OF THE THRESHOLD, by Flora Annie Steel (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 310; \$2.00).

THE WHITE QUEEN, by W. S. Davis (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 360; \$2.00).



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THE trans-Canada tour that Sir John Martin Harvey is making at the present time, with a repertoire of dramatic perennials, recalls the first effort of Canadians, shortly before the war, to declare a partial theatrical independence of Broadway. For many years the people of this country took for granted that they had to look to New York for all that was best in their dramatic fare, and they had to accept the bad with the good. Then, about fifteen years ago, a feeling began to gain strength that the situation was more than a little humiliating, but there was no apparent way in which it could be remedied. Obviously, neither Toronto nor Montreal could be developed into a producing centre to feed the Dominion. There was not sufficient demand for the attractions that they might turn out, the larger towns being scattered at such long intervals, outside of southern Ontario. The long railroad jumps would eat up the profits of an all-Dominion tour. It could not possibly be made to pay, so said the showmen.

The experience of the late Lewis Waller convinced theatrical people that Canada, taken alone, had theatrical possibilities for first-class organizations, if properly handled. After two disasters as a producer in New York, the handsome English actor found his bank account looking very sickly, so he planned what was then regarded as a daring experiment, to make a coast to coast tour under the Union Jack. He selected as his vehicle Sidney Grundy's adaptation of the costume comedy *A Marriage of Convenience*, and with that charming lady, Madge Titheridge, playing opposite him he enjoyed a triumphant progress. He returned to New York happy, with a healthy and plump bank account. You know what showmen are: others immediately planned to do likewise, even without figuring that Lewis Waller had selected a play which called for only a small company—less than a dozen people—and that he used very simple settings.

The plan to make our country part of the English theatrical provinces ripened quickly in the years just before the war. Canadians signed papers promising to patronize productions from the old land—a distinctly absurd thing to do—and eminent London stars were invited to tour the Dominion. They came, but alas! the public did not always respond as might have been expected. All of them did fairly well in the most theatrically alive of the greater cities, but several of them were completely neglected in certain parts of the country, and staggered home cured of any desire to adventure again

into the Overseas Dominions. One fears that Marie Lohr and the late H. V. Esmond did not return to London with enthusiastic stories about touring in Canada. Of course we shall not soon forget the tragic end to the visit of Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney in 1914.

But everybody has not met with complete discouragement, and Sir John Martin Harvey is now in the midst of his third all-Canadian tour. There are some persons who say that the popular acceptance of the old-fashioned plays carried in his repertoire is a personal triumph. I do not think so. I believe that a large public still exists for the distinctive melodrama of fifty years ago, but we have very few actors nowadays who can present them with the necessary romantic glamour. They are intensely artificial plays, with their patches of rhetoric and their use of music to underline the emotional moments, but when you find an actor with the grand manner, who can do them with the correct atmosphere, they have a charm peculiarly their own. So far as I am aware, there is no such actor in America, and Sir John Martin Harvey is one of the very few remaining in England. That people want him in costume melodrama is indicated by the comparative failure of *The Burgomaster of Stillemonde*, the greatest of the war plays, which is the only modern piece in his repertoire.

From time to time we hear rumours that other British stars are planning trans-Canada tours, but apparently the experience of the pioneers has not encouraged them. They have learned that, facing the long railroad jumps, it takes consistent box-office support to avert disaster. 'What is the theatrical situation in your country?' they ask, seeking guidance. The only answer you can give them is that Canadians will make it profitable for the actor who brings the plays that they want, but they will not turn out in large numbers merely because the company hails from London.

The Canadian field is neither a certain success nor a certain disaster for English actors. The experience of Sir John Martin Harvey should be considered by those who have been paying too much attention to Marie Lohr's troubled passage West and East. Miss Lohr had an excellent company, but she was not happy in her choice of plays; from *Fedora* to *The Voice from the Minaret*, she offered pieces that did not delight Canadian theatre-goers—I am not attempting to say whether that fact reflects more unfavourably on the plays or the Canadian theatre-goers. But there are plenty of English stars, from Matheson Lang to Gladys Cooper, who have dramas in their repertoires that would serve them well in a tour of this country. It is merely a question of getting the right player with the right vehicle.

FRED JACOB.

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TRADE AND INDUSTRY

RECENT CHANGES IN WAGES

BY G. E. JACKSON

FROM time to time this page has been devoted to the question, 'What is happening to the standard of life of the worker in Canada?'

Our information on this subject is so fragmentary that it cannot be reviewed with any precision more often than perhaps once in twelve months. Recently the materials have appeared for bringing our knowledge up-to-date. The *Labour Gazette* has just issued two supplements; the first, 'Wages and Hours of Labour in Canada, 1920-1925', the second, 'Prices in Canada and other Countries, 1925'. These, combined with the *Annual Review of Employment* by the Dominion Statistician, enable us to take a comprehensive view of the subject which, if not accurate in detail, may be regarded as valid for all practical purposes.

The figures for each year since 1920 have been summarized and appear in the table given below. Several distinctive features will be noticed about this table. First of all, it appears that the reduction in the cost of living, for the time being at any rate, has come to an end. The cost of living has been almost the same for the last three years. It is being stabilized at a figure somewhere between 20 and 25 per cent. below the cost of living recorded in 1920. This represents a reduction in retail prices very much less than the reduction in wholesale prices which took place in the same period.

Secondly, there has been no corresponding fall in money wages, though the rate of wages has been noticeably reduced.

As will be seen from the heading of column A, the rate of wages described is an hourly rate. Previous wage supplements of the *Labour Gazette* have stated separately the change in weekly rates of

wages and the change in hourly rates of wages. In so far as reductions of the working day gradually occur, the two series are, of course, not parallel. It is therefore valuable to have a statement of the facts calculated separately on a weekly and on an hourly basis.

In the current supplement the weekly rate does not appear, and the table of money wages refers therefore only to rates per hour. These figures tend slightly to exaggerate the money income actually received by the worker. Nevertheless, since the choice must be made between the calculations per hour and the calculations per week, there is much to be said for making the hourly rates the basis for this study; for, in a sense, the worker who has secured a shorter working day may be said as a matter of deliberate choice to have taken a part of his income in leisure instead of in cash; whereas, by working longer hours, he could, at the cost of some personal freedom, have earned a higher money wage.

With these preliminaries let us now summarize the record of the last six years as presented in this table. Money wages in 1925 were 9 per cent. below the rates current in 1920. The reduction in the retail cost of living was more than twice as great. As a result, the worker who was in continuous employment through the whole of each of these years was quite certainly much better off during 1925 than in the year with which this study starts. The rise in his standard of life seems to have been approximately 16 per cent.

On the other hand, in no subsequent year since 1920 has the volume of employment, in industries other than agriculture, been equal to the volume of employment in 1920. The figure for 1925 is more than 11 per cent. below the high-water mark. If we are to generalize about industrial workers as a group, we must allow for these variations in employment and count the regularity, or irregularity, of the workers' earnings, together with the rate of wages and the retail cost of living, as an integral part of his standard of life. This allowance is made in column E.

The movement recorded in this column has con-

MONEY WAGES AND THE STANDARD OF LIFE
OF THE WORKER

(Base in each case=100=Average for 1920.)

Year	A Hourly Rates of Wages	B Retail Cost of Living	C Real Wages $= \frac{100 A}{B}$	D Index of Employ- ment	E Real Wages (allowing for unem- ployment) $= \frac{CD}{100}$
1920	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
1921	96.9	84.2	115.1	84.1	96.8
1922	92.0	77.8	118.3	84.2	99.6
1923	92.9	78.3	118.6	90.7	107.6
1924	93.3	77.1	121.0	88.4	107.0
1925	91.0	78.4	116.1	88.6	102.9

SOURCES: For Column A, *Wages and Hours of Labour in Canada, 1920 to 1925*.

For Column B, *Prices in Canada and other Countries, 1925*.

For Column D, *Annual Review of Employment, 1925*; and previous issues.

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siderable interest. It will be seen that even during the worst of recent years, 1921, the standard of life of the workers was not very far below that of 1920. By the standards of 1920, both 1923 and 1924 were good years. Last year was distinctly not so good. If these figures are to be trusted, real wages in 1925 were about 3 per cent. above those of 1920. No great reduction in rates of payment, or decline in employment, or increase in the retail cost of living would be required to wipe out this small margin.

During this period of violent readjustment in Canada, wage-earners in general appear to have done a little more than hold their own; but very little. The result of the calculation will doubtless surprise some readers of 'Trade and Industry'. Inasmuch as certain groups of workers whose experience figures in this average have, either by reason of increased wages or of unusually stable employment, distinctly bettered their position in the last six years, we may guess that other groups, offsetting them, are definitely worse off than they were before.

THE TREND OF BUSINESS BY PHILIP WOOLFSON

	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employ- ment in Canada (2)	Price of 30 Canadian Securi- ties (3)	Cost of Selected Family Budget (4)
Jan. 1926	181.3	89.6	158.0
Dec. 1925	185.2	95.3	157.0
Nov. "	184.8	97.1	124.2	153.1
Oct. "	178.0	98.3	124.6	148.4
Feb. 1925	180.0	86.1	108.0	149.0
Jan. "	182.3	83.9	105.2	146.8
Dec. 1924	177.2	90.8	97.0	144.0
Nov. "	175.1	93.0	94.0	143.0

¹Michell. Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-1909.

²Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from employers. Base (=100) refers to January 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

³Michell. Monetary Times. The following common stock quotations are included in the revised Index: Dominion Steel; Nova Scotia Steel and Coal; Steel Co. of Canada; Canada Car and Foundry; Canadian Locomotive Company; Russell Motor Co.; Canadian Cottons; Canadian Converters; Dominion Textile; Montreal Cottons; Monarch Knitting; Penman's; Wabasso Cottons; British Columbia Fishing & Packing; City Dairy; Dominion Canners; Shredded Wheat; Tuckett's Tobacco Co.; Canada Bread; F. N. Burt; Provincial Paper; Spanish River; Howard Smith; Laurentide; Lake of the Woods Milling; Ogilvie; Maple Leaf; Canada Cement; Lyall Construction; Dominion Bridge.

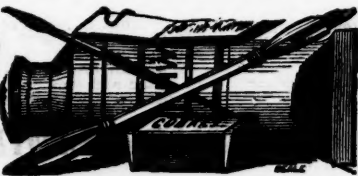
⁴Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

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